HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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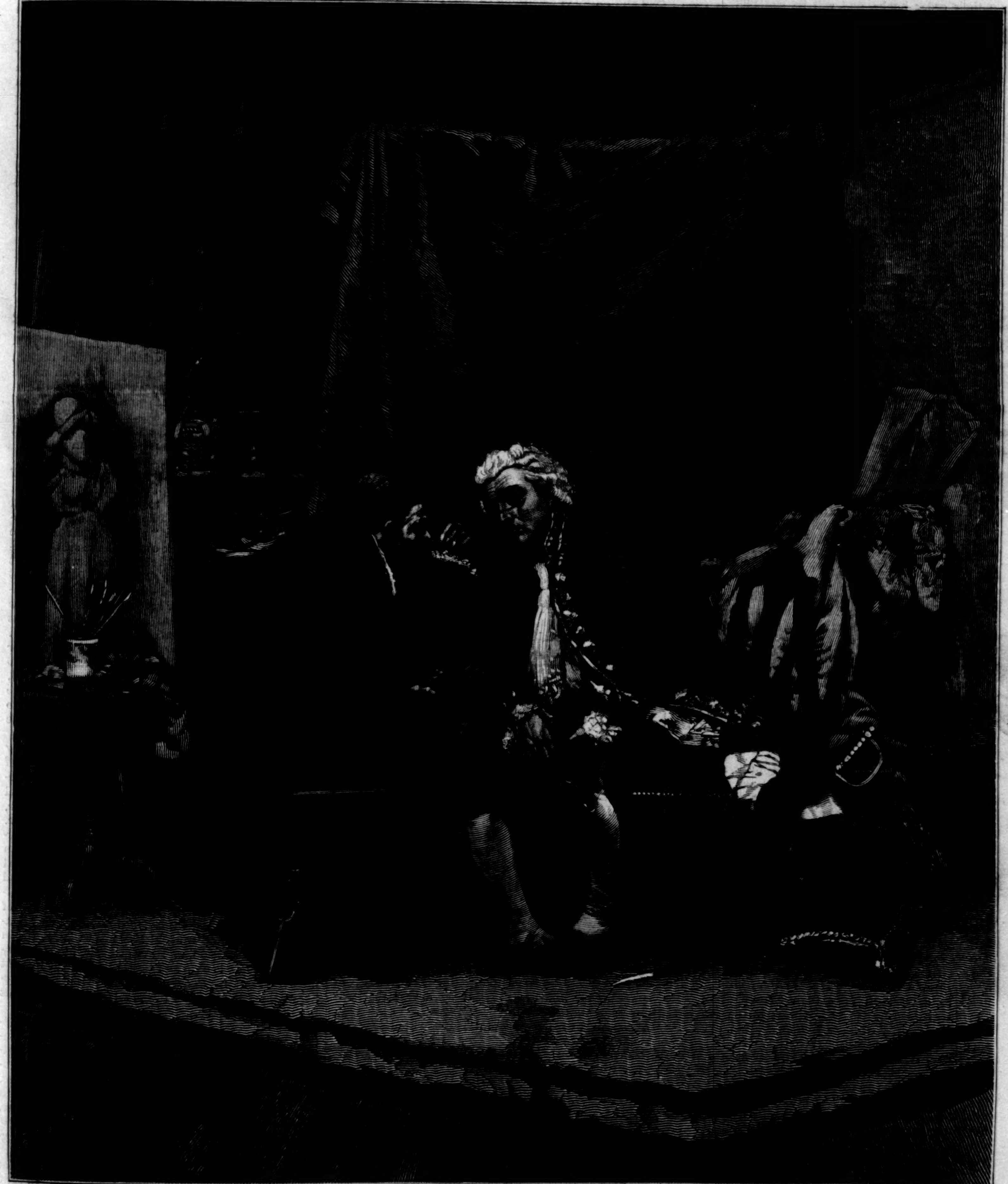


A FRIEND IN NEED.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 122, published February 28, contains a variety of interesting reading matter, together with a large number of beautiful illustrations.

Under the head of articles calculated to instruct as well as entertain, special mention may be made of a thrilling story of marine disaster by MR. JAMES PAYN, *entitled "On the Keys of Honduras," and an article entitled "Mr. Thompson and a Bird with a Lantern," by* MR. ALLAN FORMAN, *wherein facts of Natural History are interwoven with an amusing story.*

Lovers of fiction are provided for in the Serial Story; in a short story entitled "Charley Otis's Ride," as told by his grandson; and in a pathetic little sketch by MRS. W. J. HAYS, *entitled "Think and Thank."*

The front-page illustration is by MISS C. A. NORTHAM, *and entitled "The Little Frost Queen." A full page is given to sketches from "Barnum's Show in Winter-Quarters," by* J. C. BEARD, *and to "The Children's Carnival," by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD. *The greater number of the articles and stories are also illustrated.*

ANTI-POLYGAMY LEGISLATION.

THE general conviction that some active penal measures for the discouragement of polygamy are now necessary finds expression in Mr. EDMUNDS's bill, which has passed the Senate, and will probably become a law. The difficulty in the prosecution of polygamists in Utah has been found to be the want of certificates of marriage, and the impossibility of keeping polygamists off the jury. The EDMUNDS bill makes cohabitation with more than one woman a misdemeanor, and provides that in the prosecution the fact of such cohabitation, or approval of polygamy, shall disable the offender for jury duty. The talesman is not bound to incriminate himself by answering, and his answer shall not be used in evidence against him, but refusal to answer upon any ground shall disqualify. The bill also disfranchises polygamists, and makes them ineligible to office in any Territory of the United States. Further, it vacates all registry and election offices in Utah, and devolves their duties upon a board of five persons to be appointed by the President and Senate. This board is to canvass the votes for a Legislative Assembly, and issue certificates, not excluding any voter for his opinions. But the Legislative Assembly so elected shall be the judge of the election and qualifications of its members, and shall fill by law the offices vacated by the act. The bill prohibits actual polygamists from voting or being voted for, but permits theoretical polygamists to vote, subject to the decision of the Assembly, which would not allow them to sit unless there were a majority of theoretical polygamists elected. It is an endeavor to make the punishment of polygamy practicable and certain, and to prevent legislation friendly to it.

At present, in a Territory entirely subject to the immediate control of the United States, a law of the United States is openly defied, and the local Legislature practically protects the defiance. It is obviously a case for the most peremptory special legislation; that is, for laws especially adapted to deal with the situation, and there is no man in the country better fitted to draw such laws than Senator EDMUNDS. There was no difference of opinion in the Senate as to the desirability of repressive legislation, but there was some debate as to the propriety of the specific measure. It authorizes the board of five to refuse to register—that is, to disfranchise—actual polygamists, and leaves the method of determining the fact to their own judgment. This provision has been questioned. But Congress may prescribe qualifications for voting in a Territory, and it may also prescribe the method by which the qualifications are to be ascertained. The objection did not prevent an unopposed vote in favor of the bill, which was passed amid applause from the galleries, which "amazed" the President of the Senate.

Those who are disposed to be perplexed by the assertion that adherence to polygamy is held by some persons as an article of religious faith, have only to ask themselves what should be done if a community should declare that it held the right of committing murder as a point of religious faith, and reduced it to practice. Polygamy, moreover, is not an accepted tenet of the whole Mormon body. Mormon protests against it have been laid before Congress already, and have appeared in the press. The duty or tolerance of polygamy was "revealed" by BRIGHAM YOUNG only in 1852. It is a practice thirty years old, and confined to the Mormons living in Utah. It is an open violation of a law of the United States—a law in accord with the conviction of Christendom—and the bill of Mr. EDMUNDS provides for the efficient enforcement of the law, without the violation of any moral or constitutional right.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE PRISONS.

THE public mind is now so fully aroused to the dangers and follies of displacing capable and honest public officers solely for political and partisan reasons that Governor CORNELL could hardly do himself a severer injury in general estimation than by appointing a politician to be Superintendent of State-prisons in place of Mr. PILSBURY. The law under which Mr. PILSBURY was appointed intended to take the office "out of politics," and although, under a tremendous pressure, Mr. PILSBURY in one instance departed from the spirit of the law, yet his administration, with that exception, has been so free from reproach, so efficient and economical, resulting in a surplus instead of a deficit, and with no injury to the interests of the prisoners or of the State, that every public consideration requires his re-appointment. By common consent, when he was appointed he was the fittest person in the State for the position, and he is still more so now, unless there are facts which are unknown to the public, and which, in case of his failure to be re-appointed, should be made known for the public satisfaction. Pending the re-appointment, an ex-keeper at Sing Sing Prison writes to the *Herald* a startling story of the ill treatment of prisoners at that institution, and the Legislature has appointed a committee to investigate the contract system at the prisons. If there be good reason for holding Mr. PILSBURY responsible for abuses of any kind, there is, of course, good reason for his removal. But no such disclosures would justify a mere political appointment to the Superintendency.

The press has made the Governor aware that the weak point in his administration has been the obvious political purpose of many of his appointments. Mr. DUTCHER, for instance, the Superintendent of Public Works, is a man of energy and efficiency, but his duty is to supervise the canals, not to superintend the election of United States Senators, and his conduct during the Senatorial contest last summer was neither creditable to his office nor beneficial to the Governor. If such an office as the Superintendency of Prisons were given to a person who would misuse it to advance party, or political, or personal interests, it would certainly injure the very object for which the appointment would be made very much more than it would help it.

There is a general public feeling which is favorable to the Governor. He has not been accused of conniving at mercenary jobs of any kind, and he is regarded as a careful student of economy in the public expenditure, not afraid to use the power of the veto, and justly tenacious of his own convictions. It is understood that he would not be averse to a renomination, but that he is not wholly acceptable to the remains of the late "machine," which counts upon the favor of the National Administration. If he has forfeited that favor in any degree, he knows that he has nothing whatever to expect from the "machine" ring. His surest reliance is, not upon any kind of bargain, but upon the general good opinion of the State and of his party. We hope that he sees also that that opinion will be confirmed by nothing so certainly as by such acts as the re-appointment of singularly efficient non-political officers, because such acts show a Governor intent upon good administration.

A STAR ROUTE MORAL.

THERE was a very general feeling that the Grand Jury would not present the leading Star Route conspirators for indictment. But by a vote that was practically unanimous they have presented ex-Second-Assistant-Postmaster-General THOMAS J. BRADY, ex-Senator STEPHEN W. DORSEY and his brother, with some half-dozen others. Mr. GEORGE BLISS, who has been very active in procuring this decisive action, says that he has never known evidence collected with more ability, intelligence, and energy, and that the credit is due to the inspectors of the Post-office Department, who were inspired by the late Postmaster-General. There were fifty-three witnesses before the Grand Jury, and Mr. BLISS says that one hundred and fifty witnesses will be called by the Government for the prosecution, and that if the accused are as anxious as they allege to go to trial, the trial can begin in April. Mr. BLISS states, also, that he cautioned the jury against finding any indictment that could not probably be sustained.

Thus far, certainly, it is to the credit of the Republican party that its Administration has not hesitated to expose and prosecute offenders for which the party was responsible for having placed in high official position. Mr. BRADY was a Republican Assistant Postmaster-General, and Mr. DORSEY was a Republican United States Senator and Secretary of the Republican National Committee. But the late Republican President and his Postmaster-General and Attorney-General at once pushed the prosecution against them, and the present Republican Administration has not faltered in the good work. It has been freely said that the offenders would be protected for party reasons, and that no indictments would be found. This assertion has been already disproved, and if the jury should fail to convict, no blame can be attached to the prosecution unless some collusive mismanagement of the case should appear.

Those who hold that morality in politics is humbug, may lay this lesson to heart. The Star Route frauds would easily have added the last decisive force to the argument against the continuance of the Republican party in power. That argument is that a party becomes irremediably careless and corrupt. But a party which deals vigorously and rigorously with its own offenders, shows a character and intelligence which furnish the strongest argument for its continued dominance. No party can guard completely against knavery in its agents. But if it promptly and unsparingly proclaims and punishes them, it proves itself, so far, worthy of confidence. The Star Route cases, if pushed resolutely to the end, will show in the results upon public opinion that, even from the party point of view, honesty is the best policy.

CATTLE DISEASE UPON THE PLAINS.

WHILE Mr. EDMUNDS's bill strikes at a moral disease in the Territories, there are other diseases there which deserve similar attention. Western life has always attracted a sturdy and enterprising class of settlers from the older portions of the country, but no form of it has been more fascinating than that of cattle raising on the great plains. This has rapidly become a vast industry, the details of which are not much known, but one of the results of which we see in the anticipation that America will soon feed Europe with beef as well as with grain. It is only twenty years since the animals destined to stock the Pacific States arrived upon the plains, and the great cattle business of Wyoming is but fourteen years old, the first large breeding herds being turned loose in 1867. To-day Wyoming has at least 600,000 head of cattle grazing within her boundaries, worth from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000, to which must be added from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 in real-estate improvements, horses, and general "plant" required by the business. Wyoming stock owners have sent to market this year about 100,000 beef animals, worth about $3,500,000. They have branded from 75,000 to 100,000 calves, worth $12 per head—$1,000,000—and the increase in the value of their herds is $3,000,000. These figures (which will serve as estimates) show a gross return of $7,500,000 in sales and increased values. From this sum must be deducted at least $1,000,000 for expenses of handling during the past year, $1,500,000 to replace the losses by death during the same period, which were unusually large, and $2,500,000 to replace on the ranges the amount of stock equal in number to those sent to market, and of average value with those remaining.

The care of this wide-ranging property in a solitary country is, of course, enormous, and an association of stock growers in Wyoming and Nebraska has undertaken it. By its inspectors it watches at terminal points every railroad crossing the Missouri River, from Kansas City to Glendive, on the Yellowstone. The Indian agencies, the military posts, the butchering establishments, in town and country, have been diligently guarded. As an illustration of the detail and efficiency of this work, it appears that at railroad crossings upon the Missouri about 220,000 head of cattle were inspected during the last year, the brand of each animal being identified by individual examination. Of this number about 1000 head were found in the wrong possession, and were returned to the owners. But there is a greater peril to this great interest than theft or straying, and that is disease. A sweeping cattle epidemic upon the plains would be ruinous to this vast industry.

Cattle plagues are apparently fixed in many Eastern States, and they are moving westward. At Council Bluffs, in Iowa, during the last summer, the post-mortem examination of many animals revealed anthrax, which is the most dreaded French epidemic, and in its most virulent form. Pleuro-pneumonia has also often appeared as far west as the Missouri River. Prompt and energetic legislation, such as is now proposed—although in that case tardily—against polygamy, would stay the threatening plague. But such legislation should be both State and national. The important points to be provided would be, first, rigid quarantine at certain points, and thorough inspection of all cattle moving either east or west; and second, authority vested in professional men of the best character and capacity to slaughter and burn to ashes. Illinois

has already passed such a bill to protect her own frontier, Wyoming is preparing an elaborate and stringent bill, and Iowa and Nebraska probably, and Kansas and Colorado possibly, will adopt similar measures. If Congress would co-operate by the establishment of quarantine stations, they could be made self-supporting by fees collected from cattle-owners, and the sale of hay, at a fair profit, as in cattle yards. This is a kind of protection to American industry to which the most zealous free-trader could not object, and to which the Territorial Delegates should not call the attention of Congress in vain. The Cattle-growers' Association is far away, but its energy will hardly suffer the cattle diseases to become fixed and fastened upon the country, like polygamy, and the industry it represents may confidently count upon the public interest and sympathy.

TROUBLE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

THE summary removal of three professors in the University of Nebraska by a vote of less than a majority of the Board of Regents, given in a singularly obscure and "Star-chamber" manner, has naturally produced a great deal of feeling in the State. The voice of the State press is almost unanimous in condemnation of the action, and the removal itself is covered with suspicion by the circumstances of stealth under which it was effected, and especially by the plea of irreligious opinions upon the part of the professors which has been put forward in justification of the removal.

Some of the gentlemen who have been removed are known in this part of the country as accomplished scholars and irreproachable men. They have not quietly acquiesced in the wrong done to the university, to education, and to the State, but they have published a plain statement of the real contest, to which a false character has been given. The fault for which the professors are punished is that they have sought to make the University of Nebraska an efficient school of the higher education, worthy of the State in which it is situated, and a worthy colleague of the other great Western university, that of Michigan. In this good endeavor they have been thwarted by the Chancellor, and their opinion of his singular unfitness for his position the three professors declare in the plainest terms.

The professors were not notified of any charges, they were not confronted with their accusers, they were allowed no chance of explanation, and they were peremptorily dismissed with a stigma upon their good name. Some of the prominent citizens of Lincoln have issued a paper strongly condemning both the removal and its method; and this protest, with the tone of the Nebraska press, shows that the local opinion of that part of the West agrees with the best opinion of this part of the country, that a State university, supported by the public money, should be wholly unsectarian, demanding no religious tests either of pupil or teacher. That is the fundamental principle of our common-school system, and it is the only sound principle of a community which respects religious liberty.

THE PEOPLE'S MUSEUM.

THE report of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presented at the late annual meeting, is exceedingly gratifying and interesting, as showing the great prosperity of the institution. The general expenses during the year were $12,438 68, and the receipts were $73,861 94, of which $58,835 came from subscriptions to the general fund. The total property of the Museum in works of art and endowment funds is valued at $610,391 67.

The Museum, besides its various collections for general study, maintains art schools which are in successful operation. There are classes in modelling and carving, in carriage drafting and construction, in drawing and designing, and in various forms of practical decorative art, in tempera or body color, in decoration of leather, silk, satin, and glass, the use of oil and water colors in preparing designs for industrial ornamentation, and the composition of designs for carpets and wall-paper, for cards and vignettes. At the Museum the historical sequence of the collection of glass is almost complete. The engraved gems and the coins are a very rich collection, while the PHOENIX bequest of ivories, silver, lacquers, embroideries, bronzes, and paintings is unique. The report well says:

"The Museum enters on the year 1882 in a condition unexampled in its brief history, and with reasonable anticipation of future increase in that which constitutes our wealth—the means of instructing the people. The cordial co-operation of the membership of the institution, their generous gifts of money and objects of art, and their united labors have created a Museum which has already made visible its good influence on the education, tastes, industries, and commerce of the country."

Very much of the signal and increasing success of this great institution is due to the especial intelligence and the unwearied devotion of the chief executive officers—Mr. JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSON, President; Mr. WILLIAM C. PRIME and Mr. D. HUNTINGTON, Vice-Presidents; Mr. RHINELANDER, the retiring Treasurer, and his successor, Mr. MARQUAND; and General DI CESNOLA, Secretary and Director. Of these gentlemen none have devoted themselves to the good work with more unremitting zeal than Mr. PRIME and General DI CESNOLA, and it is most fortunate for the Museum, for the city, and for popular education in art that a gentleman so peculiarly fitted for the task as Mr. PRIME should have given himself to it unreservedly, happily finding such a comrade as General DI CESNOLA.

A NEWPORT STORY.

THE readers of LONGFELLOW'S poem upon the Jewish Cemetery at Newport and the visitor to that summer paradise learn that the island has a pleasant association with Jews. They came to it early, drawn by the spirit of religious liberty, which, like its benignant sea air, hallows the island. In his discourse at the centenary of the Redwood Library in 1847, which his daughter has recently republished, the Hon. WILLIAM HUNTER, former Minister to Brazil, and of a family long distinguished in Newport, tells an agreeable story of the old Jewish merchant RIVERA—

"The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent and of different climes;
ALVARES and RIVERA interchange
With ABRAHAM and JACOB of old times."

RIVERA was a Portuguese Jew who escaped "almost miraculously" from the Inquisition, and settled in Rhode Island. Around him gathered a large Hebrew congregation. He engaged in business, but was unsuccessful. Yet his honor and upright dealing were universally acknowledged, and obtaining his discharge, he began business anew, and prospered greatly. "On a certain day in a certain week which, according to his faith, was devoted to works of righteousness and of charity, every creditor received the whole amount of his debt, principal and interest."

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

THE air of Albany is usually so suffocating to political independence and honor that the manly stand recently taken in the caucus of Republican Assemblymen by Mr. FARRAR, of Onondaga, supported by Messrs. VAN ALEN, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, CRANE, FLETCHER, IRWIN, FENNER, HUNT, and HUNTER, deserves especial attention.

Mr. RAINES, of Ontario, proposed to deprive the Speaker of the appointment of certain minor officers of the Assembly. The law authorizes their election by the House or appointment by the Speaker, and as the Tammany men have broken with the other Democrats, it was thought to be a pretty trick to combine with Tammany to obtain a few crumbs of patronage. But according to the usages of spoils dickering, if the Republicans should make a tacit bargain with Tammany, they must give a consideration, and Mr. FARRAR, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and their associates determined not to permit even the appearance of a bargain, and they were so plainly in earnest that the trick was frustrated. Of the fifty members present at the caucus, it is stated that three-fourths were opposed to the scheme.

During the last dozen years the manly and honorable independence of young Republicans, of whom much had been expected, has been so ruthlessly overcome by the "machine" that it is refreshing to perceive in a party caucus a spirit that despises the special and deceptive pleas of party advantage. Nothing that costs a party the support of honorable men is an advantage to it. A bargain may possibly carry an election, but it can not save a party.

A SERIO-COMEDY.

IT is proposed to celebrate the second centenary of the State of Pennsylvania, and the imagination at once suggests a tranquil festival consecrated to the glories of peace and good-will. But by one of the comical strokes of fate the only scheme yet proposed for the occasion is one which might evoke the benignant shade of the Quaker founder in horror and dismay. A pageant four days long is suggested. The landing of PENN is to be represented with a "decorative display of the ocean and river craft," meaning, we suppose, a display of brilliant bunting, with processions of civic societies and firemen, and a general explosion of fire-works. A trades display is to follow, with historic tableaux, electric lights, and processions and torch-light parades. Then grand musical festivals and tournaments of athletic sports; and finally the tradition of the Quaker peacefully fraternizing with the Indians is to be commemorated by a military display, with a grand review of land and naval forces, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with broadsides and volleys probably, and thundering *feux de joie*.

As the *American* points out, in all this spectacular and military programme in honor of a Quaker, there is no provision for an address, or poem, or even essay. It is a kind of carnival frolic, or *Mardi-gras* revel, and the *American* evidently and naturally recoils from a ceremonial so exquisitely inappropriate. Such a festival should be unique by the absence of "the military and naval forces." Obviously it should be a homage to the arts of peace.

A NEW YORK WORTHY.

A LITTLE book in which New-Yorkers should be interested is *Myron Holley, and what he did for Liberty and True Religion*. It is published anonymously for the author in Boston, having been declined, as a preparatory note states, by three leading publishers, although guaranteed against loss. As copies are to be procured upon application to ELIZUR WRIGHT, it is fairly to be presumed that Mr. WRIGHT is responsible for the work, from the sale of which should any profits accrue, they will "all be paid to the descendants of MYRON HOLLEY till such time as the State of New York shall have paid the just debt it owes them."

The engraved portrait of Mr. HOLLEY presents a singularly mild and attractive face, of great intellectual refinement, and the story of his life is one of great interest. His name is familiar in New York as one of the first projectors and most efficient managers of the construction of the Erie Canal. He was also one of the strongest of Anti-masons, and one of the founders of the Liberty party. The author of the biography regards him as the chief promoter of all these great movements, and he succeeds at least in showing how powerful a friend of them all he was.

As treasurer of the Canal Commissioners, without salary, Mr. HOLLEY disbursed $2,500,000 of the public money, and by various causes, not involving his personal honesty, he found a deficiency in his vouchers of about $30,000. He asked the State to allow him, as compensation, one per cent. upon the amount he had disbursed, which would adjust the account. This was refused, and the biographer says, "The Legislature's refusal to allow this commission, obliging him to make good the deficiency out of his slender property, is perhaps the meanest piece of ingratitude ever chargeable against a republic." An investigating committee unanimously acquitted him of all misappropriation of the money. It is clear that he should have been paid for his services, but it is equally clear that greater business skill would have prevented the deficiency. It is a generous, self-sacrificing, public-spirited career that the book depicts, and a most interesting character. MYRON HOLLEY was one of the true New York "worthies."

PERSONAL.

SENATOR SAWYER, of Wisconsin, is both practical and affectionate. Calling his young daughters to him one morning, he asked them, as a testimony of their love for him, to learn to make their own clothes and to cook a good dinner. They promised, and not long after invited pa and ma and a few friends to dine with them. They cooked the dainty dinner, and wore handsome gowns made by themselves. The Senator's pleasure thereat took form in the shape of a $25,000 check to each. A very top-Sawyer indeed to those maidens.

—The estate of the late JOSEPH E. SHEFFIELD, of New Haven, is estimated at from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000, of which about $1,000,000, including former gifts, will go to the Sheffield Scientific School, the balance, six-sevenths, going to the widow and children. Last year the salaries of the faculty of the school were raised, and Mr. SHEFFIELD privately said that the increase should be permanent. His last benefaction makes the future of the institution certain.

—Hon. WILLIAM B. MACLAY, who died in this city a few days ago, was the son of the late Rev. Dr. MACLAY, a Baptist minister of distinction in his day in New York. Mr. MACLAY was sixty-six years old, and graduated from the University of New York, where he subsequently officiated for a time as Professor of Latin. After serving in the State Legislature, he was, in 1843, at the age of twenty-eight, elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1845, 1847, and 1857, and maintained a high position for ability and integrity. Latterly he had not taken an active part in public affairs; but twenty-five years ago he was a power in the Democratic party.

—The mills at Easthampton, Massachusetts, belonging to the late SAMUEL WILLISTON, having been recently sold for $300,000, the Williston Seminary comes in, under the will, for $200,000, and Amherst College for $100,000.

—The late SAMUEL JOHNSON, who preferred not to be called Reverend, although he was long a preacher, was one of the gentlest and most courageous of scholars. He took a firm and effective part in the antislavery agitation of thirty years ago, and was the familiar and beloved friend of its more conspicuous leaders. Of a charming modesty of manner and of true spirituality of nature, he was a constant student, but always maintained an active interest in every movement of reform. His chief work is one of great research upon Oriental religions, of which the third volume, embracing Persia, is ready for the press. The close of his noiseless but intrepid and beneficent life will be a surprise and sorrow to all his old associates.

—Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the well-informed London correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing of Mrs. LANGTRY, who has adopted the stage as a profession, says that Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD offered her $1000 a week for a month's appearance, which she declined, saying, "I would rather have a moderate salary in a company where I could learn my profession, and have a permanent position." She gets $300 a week at the Haymarket, and $50 for each morning performance, which gives her about $400 salary. It is understood she hopes in due time to visit the U. S., where her husband has property. There is no truth in the current belief that she does not live with him. It is true that his income is not sufficient for her requirements, and that is the only reason why she has joined "the profession."

—Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is having high hospitalities in Egypt, where the nobles are dining and wining him in the best Pharaoic style. He writes to Mr. EDMUND YATES: "I have completed an unfinished anthem of my old master, Sir JOHN GOSS; I am trying the motet for the Bach Choir, and I sketch the numbers of the new piece which GILBERT sends me."

—The late Mr. JOHN JONES, of London, who made a fortune as a tailor, has left to South Kensington a noble collection of art objects, the value of which is about $2,500,000. It comprises pictures, vases, antique furniture, Sèvres porcelain, miniatures, and enamels.

—Sir HENRY PARKES, Premier of New South Wales, who is now the recipient of much social attention in New York and towns around, is a handsome man of sixty, who began life in the colonies as a mechanic. In 1868 he was appointed Colonial Secretary of New South Wales. He was first appointed Premier of the colony in 1875, was knighted in 1877, was for the second time Prime Minister of the colony in the same year, and again entered upon the duties of that office in 1878, which he retains until the present time.

—Mr. ISAAC H. BROMLEY, for several years past a leader-writer on the New York *Tribune*, and Mr. FRANK HATTON, First Assistant Postmaster-General, are mentioned in connection with the editorship of the Washington *National Republican*.

—The grave-stone of Mrs. SURRATT in Washington was procured by the sexton of Mount Olivet Cemetery, and at his suggestion a stone-cutter of Washington carved the inscription upon it, which is simply "MRS. SURRATT."

—Mr. HENRY JAMES, Jun., is alluded to in the New York *Herald* as being thirty-nine years old, and as having first contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1865. He was then a student under the care of his father. He lives in bachelor's lodgings, and uses his mornings for writing, in which he is, as POE was and HARTE is, painfully slow. He has a habit of not remaining long enough in good company to have it become stale, but vanishes when he is most enjoying himself. His American friends call him "HARRY JAMES." He has lived abroad mainly for the sake of his health. While stout in appearance, he is much of an invalid.

—Mr. BENJAMIN RAND CURTIS, writing of the late Chinese professor at Harvard College, says: "On one occasion I asked him to accompany me to a meeting of the Papyrus Club. I sent him an invitation through the mail. By return of post I received a reply enveloped in the Chinese style, and written in his own hand on Chinese letter-paper. At the appointed time he called at my house, and we walked together to the rooms of the club. He met the members without the slightest embarrassment, and took his seat at the head of the table with dignity. At the conclusion of the dinner the president introduced him to the club, and he rose to reply. How many Americans would like to stand up at a dinner in China before fifty of its literary and professional men! Professor Ko first made a short speech of introduction in good English. He was hardly at a loss for a single word. He then read a poem in Chinese from manuscript, and then sat down. The whole performance was deliberate, quiet, and easy. So much did he please the company that they urged him, by hearty applause, to address them again. He rose again, and recited from memory one of his own poems. Then, bowing his farewell to the club, and taking leave of the president, he retired."

THE CHESTER EXPLOSION.

THE old PORTER mansion at Chester, Pennsylvania, built a hundred and sixty years ago, was the scene of a terrible calamity on the morning of February 17, by which eighteen men lost their lives, and many others were injured. The building for a number of years has been occupied by colored people, and a portion of it was used by Professor JACKSON, the celebrated pyrotechnist, as a place for manufacturing articles in his line. Early on the morning referred to a fire broke out, and in a few minutes after the alarm had sounded, crowds of people gathered about the scene.

The colored people and their effects were removed from the old mansion, and the firemen, after being assured, it is asserted, that there was no powder in the place, prepared to flood the house with water. Some of the firemen, to get a better range on the spreading flames, got on a small frame shed in the rear. After about half an hour of constant playing on the building, a terrific explosion resulted. Bodies of men were thrown several feet high. The air was filled with rubbish, and the ground thereabouts was covered with victims, some killed, some seriously injured, and others badly hurt. The shock was keenly felt throughout the city. The scene was one of intense excitement and distress. Dead bodies of men lay coiled on the ground; others labored in the agonies of death. A number, writhing in their blood, moaned and groaned piteously for help. Many lay insensible, and others, scratched and bruised, with their eyes filled with dust and smoke, groped their way from the scene of the accident. The dead were removed to the City Hall, and the wounded were attended by the physicians.

THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY ALBERT STACHLE.

THE HAVERHILL FIRE.

THE public edifices and almost the entire business portion of the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, were destroyed by fire on the night of February 18. Beginning in ENDICOTT & ARNOLD'S sole-leather establishment, a wood block on Washington Street, the flames spread with great rapidity, and were soon beyond the control of the firemen. Engines were summoned from Newburyport and Dover, and other places from twenty to thirty miles distant, but, despite the heroic work of the men, the fire continued to spread, and in two hours it seemed as though the whole town was ablaze. At that hour engines had arrived from Lawrence, and others from Newburyport and Lowell arrived soon afterward. There was a sharp wind blowing from the northwest, which, with the scarcity of water and the freezing of the hose, made it hard for the firemen to make a stand against the progress of the fire. They fought gallantly, however, and faced the whirlwind of flame with wonderful courage and obstinacy. It was not until half past three o'clock in the morning that the fire was got under control, and then it had burned itself out.

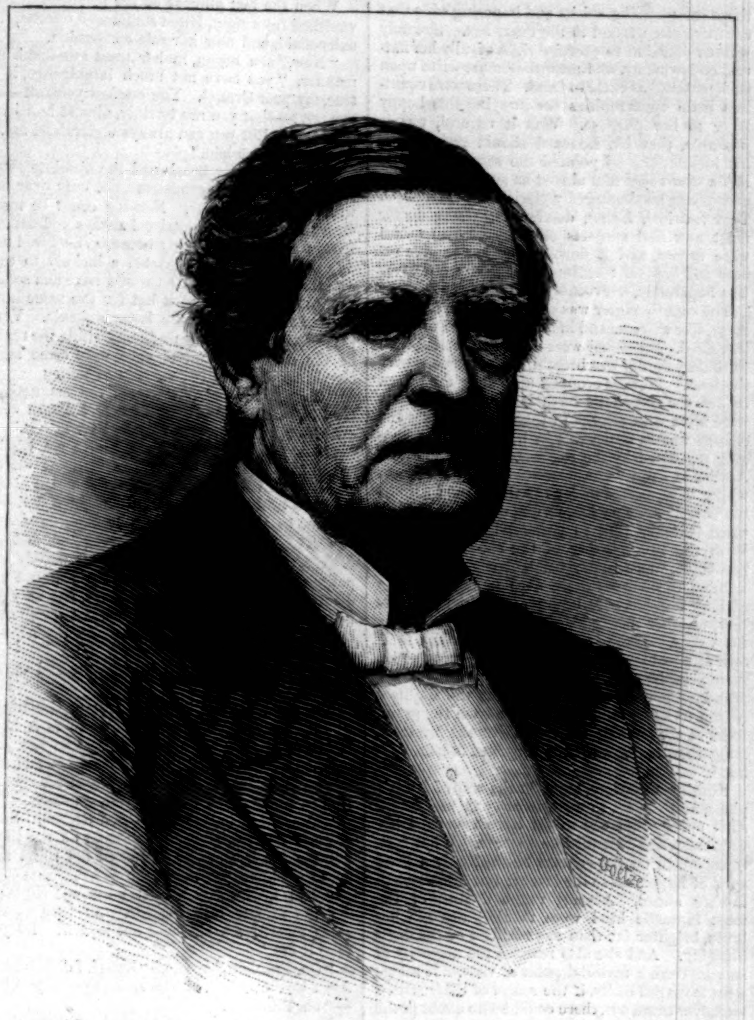
The territory burned over is bounded by the Merrimac River on the south, Railroad Square on the west, the north side of Wingate Street on the north, and Washington Square and Essex Street on the east. Only one block remained on Wingate Street, and two at the upper end of Washington Street. All else within the limits named was burned to the ground. What was the finest street in the city, and the principal business mart, is a smouldering, shapeless mass of ruins.

THE FLOODS ON THE MISSISSIPPI—RESCUE OF SETTLERS BY NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. T. ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

BISHOP WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN.

The senior bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South are men far advanced in life, and, as a rule, they have enjoyed a vigorous old age. Bishop Wightman, who died a few days ago, was by no means the eldest, and yet had reached the ripe age of seventy-four. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1808, and entered the itinerant ministry in 1828. Much of his life was spent in colleges. In 1837 he was elected Professor of English Literature in Randolph-Macon College, Virginia; from 1854 to 1859 he was President of Wofford College, South Carolina; in 1859 he was elected Chancellor of the Southern University, at Greensborough, Alabama. He was also editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate* from 1840 to 1854; in 1866 he was elected one of the bishops of the Southern Methodist Church.

These are the outlines of an active and versatile career. Dr. Wightman showed himself capable in every position, was scholarly in his tastes, refined and courtly in manner, and vigorous in pulpit discourse. Since the close of the war the Southern Methodist Church has made great progress, and to its progress Bishop Wightman contributed his full share.



THE LATE BISHOP WIGHTMAN.—Photographed by Motes.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1312.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty."

V.

Never was such a season of matchless, measureless enjoyment! Winter to these three was shorn of all its terrors, and they revelled in it and exuberated in it with almost elfish abandonment. They felt as if they were no longer responsible human beings, with cares already on their shoulders, and problems awaiting them to solve in the future. They seemed rather gleesome, reckless spirits, breathing in pleasure only—pleasure born of the senses, not of the intellect. As they skimmed those glassy fields with fantastic gyrations, each fell under a different enchantment. With Hilda, an added sense of power formed the chief element of delight. Her skating, ever admirable, had now become superb, and the consciousness of attainments, quite as much as their effect upon others, intoxicated her with pleasure. The conviction of unusual capacity, cleverness, call it what we will, seemed ever to open new vistas of enjoyment and fields for enterprise. "Yes," thought the ambitious girl, as, like some bird-like thing, she flew whither her fancy led—"yes, I feel sure that I am not destined to an ignoble, narrow existence. I must, I can, find full play for my abilities, and free scope for my powers. Who knows but that Hildegarde may take me back with her to court, and then—"

After that climax everything seemed attainable to her quick mind. She generously wanted her foster-sister to be happy in her own way, to be forgotten by her august kinsfolk, to marry Dr. Edouard. But as such a chain of circumstances seemed far removed from likelihood, it savored of no unkindness to make projects more in accordance with her own wishes. Dr. Edouard, need it be said, revelled also in a new sense of power, but of a wholly different kind from that which dazzled Hilda. Here it was the man's sense of supremacy, the lover's domination, that came into full play. Like many another man of peculiarly decided and tenacious character, he was bewitched by Hildegarde's very softness and gentleness, underneath which, however, lay a world of resolute passion and tenderness. But it was a passion that centred in one object only. Dr. Edouard's mastery over this clinging nature was complete, whilst her very love for him and leaning on him awoke in her a new and unsuspected strength. Hildegarde felt that love might make her "strong unto death." Whilst her imperious young foster-sister therefore skimmed the ice with all kinds of daring fancies flashing through her brain, whilst her still more imperious lover, yet gentleness and almost feminine devotion itself to *her*, proudly and defiantly took his part in the mazy whirl, feeling that if destiny were not good enough for him, at least he might prove a match for destiny, Hildegarde's thoughts were bound within a much narrower compass.

"Oh," she thought, "if I might but change places with Hilda for once and for all! If she would only accept my lot, which is so much more suited to her than to me, and I in the guise of Frau Anna's granddaughter marry Dr. Edouard! What harm could come of such an exchange?"

"You might at least take my place for a time," said Hilda one day, when these fancies had been uttered aloud. "It is not impossible, as I have said before, that you may be once more forgotten for six years. In that case, as soon as you become of age you might do as you please, the only possible penalty being that you would of course forfeit your rank. Mind, I am looking very far ahead here; we must hardly hope for such good fortune, although it may happen. But in the mean time why should you not really believe that it is to be so, and act accordingly?"

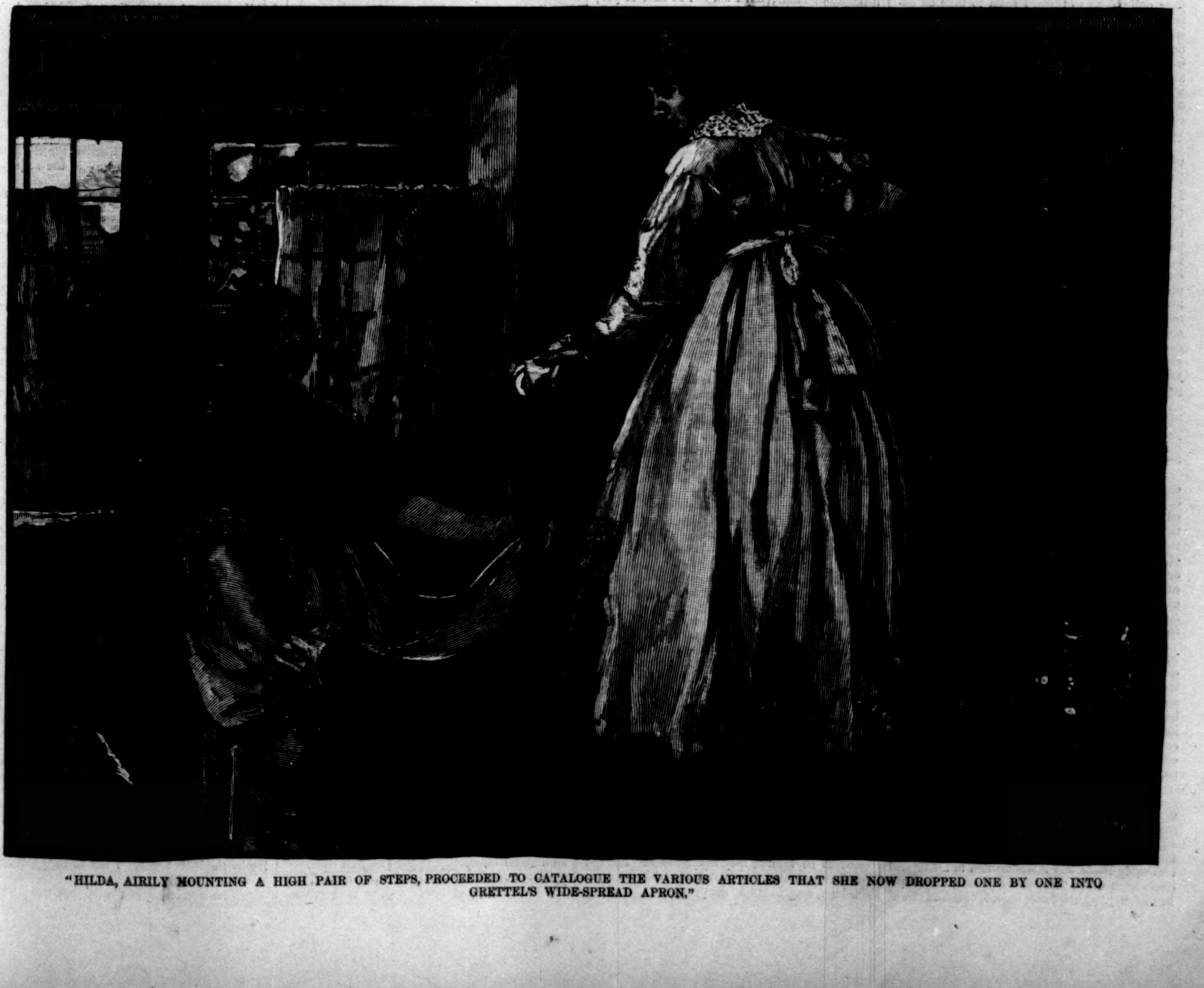
Hildegarde opened wide her large, soft, pathetic eyes.

"As soon as the spring comes," Hilda continued, "my grandmother's hibernation will be over, and she will go and pay her usual visit to my uncle Conrad in the Tyrol, far away; Kurt, the herdsman, will take the cows up to the Alps to pasture; none will be left here but Grettel and me. When Dr. Edouard has his usual holiday, who will be the wiser if you pay a visit to his mother and sisters as Fräulein Hilda, and are introduced to them as his betrothed?"

"It would be too felicitous," Hildegarde answered, all kinds of visions already flashing before her mind, "too exquisite, too happy."

"As you are so immoderately in love with Dr. Edouard," Hilda answered, not able to hide a touch of almost contemptuous astonishment, "it certainly would be very pleasant to make the acquaintance of his family; and certainly they all seem to adore him. He must be a good son and brother, however disagreeable—" She broke into a merry laugh, and gave her foster-sister an apologetic kiss.

"Disagreeable he has been to me, you can not deny it. But we are talking of his mother and



"HILDA, AIRILY MOUNTING A HIGH PAIR OF STEPS, PROCEEDED TO CATALOGUE THE VARIOUS ARTICLES THAT SHE NOW DROPPED ONE BY ONE INTO GRETTEL'S WIDE-SPREAD APRON."

sisters, who, judging from their letters and all the things they knit for him, must regard him as a paragon. There you would see Dr. Edouard in his home, you would—passing off, of course, as Fräulein Hilda—realize exactly the life in store for you if you marry him, and he in his turn—" She made a little grimace, and added, "He might, as he calls it, 'improve your mind,' teach you botany, read Goethe to you, and so on."

"Oh, Hilda! Will you let me do it? Will you manage everything?"

"Never fear; and really, little goose, there is absolutely nothing to manage. Dr. Edouard's mother and sisters have, up to within a few months, lived in Hanover. They have no idea of what I am like. You will find it easy and natural to pass off for me; and my part of princess will only need to be acted before Grettel."

"Grettel must know, then?"

"Grettel must know, but she is my bond-slave. I can bind her over to a promise that no terror and no threat would cause her to break."

"It is wonderful how you can influence people, and impose your will upon them," cried Hildegarde, admiringly.

"What is each of us but a Will?" replied Hilda.

To this metaphysical speech Hildegarde found no reply. She could not trace it to its root, not having, like her friend, read Schopenhauer. But she could understand it in its practical application. Hilda—well, yes, she was certainly a Will; Dr. Edouard—he also was nothing but the living expression of a Will; and for herself, was not this love for him, so deep, so passionate, so inrooted, taking also the shape of a Will?

The substance of this little dialogue was of course repeated by Hildegarde to her lover, and he readily assented to the proposal.

"Gentle as you are, all too devoted to me as you are," he said, looking fondly into her responsive eyes, "your master in one sense, I am yet your bond-slave in another. I do feel some compunction in so far deceiving my good mother and sisters, also your own relatives, though, of a truth, they have not deserved much dutifulness from you. It goes against my conscience to wear a mask, yet your consent, your affection, compel."

"But I must never lead you into doing the least little thing you know to be wrong," she said, trying to shake off the witchery, the glamour, of those terribly passionate kisses, those probing looks. "No, Edouard, shun me if it is so."

"Nay," he said, and for a brief moment held her to his heart, overcome by a mood that brought tears into his eyes and incoherent whispers to his lips; "I intended, indeed, to imply no such meaning. I succumb, but I remain my own master. If you were drawing me toward destruction, and I loved you, were it possible, even more devotedly, I should fly from you, and never allow myself to behold your face again."

He now placed a chair for her, and sitting down, went on in his usual manner.

"You should know, Hildegarde, for once and for all, why, with regard to your relations, and your obligations to them, I seem to take an extraordinary and, it may seem, an indefensible stand-point. Mind, I do not aver that I am justified in so judging the matter, but it does seem to me a case for individual discernment, and not for any absolute rule. I consider, then, that those whose name you bear, and who are legally responsible for your well-being, have forfeited all claims on your respect and obedience by their unexampled conduct."

"They are but visiting my poor mother's sins upon my head," replied Hildegarde, sorrowfully; "she was never forgiven for her marriage."

"That but makes their neglect more shameful," he retorted; "an orphan, the child of a discommended marriage, brotherless, sisterless, it was their duty to cherish and foster you. But"—here he smiled one of those deeply sarcastic smiles for which Hildegarde had occasionally all but hated him—"but I have no love of royal and ducal personages, as you know, and the root of my disapprobation goes far deeper than the personal resentment with which your case has inspired me. I am at heart a Socialist—rather, a democrat. I see the words do not scare you; you are ignorant of their meaning. When you come to stay with us, I will explain the meaning of those puzzling words."

"You think I may do as Hilda proposes, then?" asked the tremblingly happy Hildegarde.

"Why not?" he replied, stooping down to press his lips once more to those fond eyes. "Hilda but proposes a jest—at least we will so regard it."

The young physician's apparent nonchalance covered a real conviction. Schooled in the ideas of certain Socialist teachers of the day, he regarded sovereignty and all privileges of rank with more than cynical indifference. To his thinking they were sheer artificialities, mere survivals of a state of things about to pass away forever, no more exacting deference or loyalty than obsolete laws can exact obedience. Provided, therefore, that Hildegarde, having attained her majority, should consent to marry him, he could conceive of no blame thereby incurred either on his part or on hers.

He was not prepared to sacrifice one iota of his happiness, or that of any one dear to him, to such empty figments as birth and rank. And further, he was prepared, when the crisis had come, to stand by Hildegarde to the utmost, and to induce her to act from the same motive. At present, however, he wished to disturb her by no inner conflicts of this kind; time enough for her to choose when the momentous choice should be necessary.

VI.

Reason as he might, however, Dr. Edouard, like many a strong-willed man, was led by a volition more tenacious than his own. He had not the slightest notion how far Hilda was influencing him where Hildegarde was concerned, and how inevitably Hilda was inclosing him in a charmed circle from which there would be soon no escape. In the slight girlish form, indeed, breathed one of those commanding spirits and imposing wills that are more often found in the other sex. She only wanted occasion to exercise right royally her natural endowments, and meantime must write upon such material as came to hand. There were countless little opportunities for swaying this happy lover to her purpose. Was it natural, was it probable, that Dr. Edouard should resist when his inclinations all pointed the same way? So Hilda now ruled him almost as supremely as the ever-pliant good-naturedly gloried in his triumph. This satirical, biting, dominating young doctor must now find subjects elsewhere. The tables were turned, and it devolved on her to give orders and express commands. Hildegarde's lover was hopelessly, irrevocably in her power!

The superb winter was over, vanished, as it had come, like a dream and in a moment. So, at least, it seemed. No sooner were the snows melted than the balmy spring was breathing pleasantness over the land. Flowers cropped up among the waxen blades, the sun shone forth dazzlingly, the woods were alive with song. In these rustic places the change was as noticeable in human affairs, here ever regulated by the seasons. With the sweet April-tide Frau Anna descended from her warm winter biding-place under the thatch, and permitted herself to be packed up and dispatched on her usual summer visit to grandchildren far away. With the first melting of the snows, Kurt, the herdsman, was sent to the neighboring Alps, there to mind the herds till the autumn, and all kinds of busy out-door life began among the peasant-folk, whether in the high pasture grounds or in the valley. People were all too busy with their own affairs to have any time for gossiping about their neighbors, so, at least, Hilda persuaded her grandmother. Nor did there seem the slightest reason to apprehend disturbance from the grand folks at the palace; their waif seemed forgotten altogether, as she had been forgotten in her childhood.

Nothing, therefore, stood in the way of Hilda's plans, and she set to work to carry them out with such energy that one might have supposed her very existence depended on success. What really depended on the scheme seemed only a brief spell of happiness to the lovers; but Hilda looked farther ahead. Already vague dreams of the most fantastic kind were floating through her brain, brighter far than any realities of the day's bringing. And she also realized the necessity of success from a material point of view. If things were managed badly, if the secret of Hildegarde's visit ever came out, there could be no doubt of the ducal displeasure taking an unwelcome shape. Perhaps even Frau Anna's pension would be withdrawn!

"Mind, I rely on your caution," she said to her foster-sister, as the pair stood at the window, watching for Dr. Edouard and the stage-coach that was to convey the lovers into fairy-land. "Dr. Edouard, I know"—here she spoke with an expression of almost contemptuous recognition—"Dr. Edouard will not be weak, and will keep his presence of mind; but I am not so sure of you, Hildegarde."

"Fear nothing," was the reply; "I could not trust myself were I the author of the scheme. But it is you who risk everything in order to give me a little happiness, and I promise never to betray you—never."

"I hope not," Hilda said, kissing her with her grandest air; "and here comes Dr. Edouard, looking more superior than ever. Good-by! Heaven bless you, my children!"

The stage-coach was at the garden gate, and Hildegarde, travelling-bag in hand, dying with impatience to be off. It seemed to her as if at the very last moment something would surely happen to prevent this blissful departure. Hilda and Dr. Edouard, however pressed for time, must find a moment for their little passage at arms. Although on the best possible terms, no single day passed without such an encounter.

"I am really sorry to leave you behind," he said.

"And I am so delighted to see the last of you—at least for a time," was the reply. "If you knew how tired I have been of you both lately!"

"Do not suppose you have succeeded in concealing the fact. But, Hilda"—here he took her hand with genuine, hearty friendliness—"pray believe that I am grateful to you, my best friend in the world. Pray believe also that if"—again his brown eyes twinkled mischievously—"if we are all brought up like culprits to the bar, I will let the blame fall on no weak woman's shoulders."

"I thank you," cried Hilda, darting vicious glances at him from her bright eyes. "My deeds are my own; I want no advocate, least of all Dr. Edouard."

But the postboy blew his horn impatiently: there was no time for Dr. Edouard to retort. The foster-sisters embraced each other affectionately, and Hilda repeated:

"Once more, adieu! Be as discreet as you say, and as happy as you desire. Heaven bless you, my children!"

The pair walked down the garden. Dr. Edouard, already compelled to act a part, now turned to bow, bare-headed and obsequious, to the young lady by the window, whilst he gave a careless hand to the blue-veiled figure beside him.

Then the yellow-jacketed postboys cracked their whips, and the cumbersome old vehicle labored on, up hill and down hill, *Bergab* and *Bergauf*, as the German phrase goes, through fields of virgin green, the orchards all ablossom with pears and plums, the vineyards showing tenderest waxen leaf. And never in its days had this old stage-coach borne two lighter hearts than those of the young physician and his betrothed. Spring reigned over the world and in their own breasts. Were this summer holiday but a chance joy-gift of Hilda's giving, or a jest destined to be fateful, they never asked. Enough for them, perhaps even too much of joyousness, the long, long hours of the present.

When the last glimpse of the stage-coach had vanished from sight, Hilda summoned Grettel, the dairy-maid, and now her sole companion.

"Now," she began, in her most awe-inspiring manner, "you have not much intelligence, it is true, my poor Grettel. You confess yourself—do you not?—that you are terribly, almost hopelessly, stupid. But you can always understand *me?*"

"Oh yes, Fräulein."

Grettel's answer betokened the absolute sway wielded by her young mistress, not only over her will, but over her wits. Nothing could be truer than the answer. Grettel did always understand Hilda; and why? Simply because she dared not do otherwise. Fear imparted a lucidity to this dull thinking machine that would have had something miraculous about it but for the same kind of thing seen among the lower animals. Very possibly there are many problems within the reach of the commonest intelligence were some sufficiently powerful fulcrum put in motion.

"Oh yes, Fräulein," repeated the magnetized Grettel, waiting with eyes, ears, and mouth wide open to take in the coming mandate.

Hilda paused, perusing the coarse yet wholesome physiognomy before her with an undisguised expression of both approval and disgust. Grettel's brute-like submission delighted her, but her woodenness was all the same unpardonable.

"Mind," she began, in that collected, matter-of-fact way that made such threats doubly appalling, "it is on your peril that you do not understand me now. Our safety—nay, our very existence, not only yours and mine, but my grandmother's, and even Kurt's there, on the Alps—depends entirely on your discretion."

"Yes, Fräulein," was all that Grettel dared utter.

"It must be yes, indeed. Listen, Grettel: I will make everything as plain to you as A B C. It is not the Countess Hildegarde who has just gone on a visit to Dr. Edouard's mother and sisters; it is I, Hilda, Frau Anna's granddaughter. Do you comprehend that, my poor dunderhead?"

"Yes, Fräulein," still repeated Grettel. Sobs of dismay were rising in her throat all the time, but for the life of her she dared not resist this dread yet incomparable young sovereign.

"And I, who stay behind, I am not Hilda; I am the Countess Hildegarde. As long as she stays away, I am she, and not myself. Do you take it in?"

"Oh, Fräulein," groaned Grettel, fairly broken down by the weight of this metaphysical problem—"oh, Fräulein!"

No appeal for pity could have been more childishly, abjectly intense, but it fell on Hilda's ear as idly as if never uttered.

"Your duty is narrowed to a point," she went on. "With the whys and the wherefores, the rights and the wrongs of the case, you have nothing whatever to do. My part is to direct, yours to obey. I alone am responsible."

Grettel listened, mute.

"You have to address me as the countess, to regard me as the countess, in every matter, trifling as well as important. If you confuse our identities, if you make a muddle of the affair, we are lost, we are undone. We shall be tried before a court of justice, condemned to long terms of imprisonment, perhaps to perpetual labor in the mines, even to decapitation."

Grettel fairly sobbed aloud now, but Hilda showed that she intended to remain firm as a rock.

"It is quite useless for you to attempt to work on my feelings, Grettel. The thing is done, and can not be undone. It is impossible for the Countess Hildegarde to be in two places at once. It suits her pleasure to go, mine to stay; and I repeat, the responsibility of the transfer is ours, not yours."

Grettel sobbed on.

"Now, Grettel, please to leave off that child's play, and listen," Hilda pursued, sternly. "There is nothing to cry about. At this time of the year every one is up on the Alps. We are quite safe from prying neighbors. Most likely no one will come to the house at all before the princess's return—I mean my return, you know; but if such should be the case, you know what you are to do."

Grettel stared aghast.

"You are to address me as the princess. You are to say absolutely nothing if questions are put to you; nothing, you understand, not so much as yes or no. And now I can not waste another word on the subject. Come with me to the spice cupboard, and I will give out the necessary stores for the next few weeks."

Grettel followed, wiping her eyes, in an abject state of submissiveness, and Hilda, airily mounting a high pair of steps, proceeded to catalogue the various articles that she now dropped one by one into Grettel's wide-spread apron.

"The sugar-loaf—mind your head," cried the young lady, not disposed to waste much time over the business; "candles, tea, coffee, split peas, salt and vinegar for the sour-krout, mixed spice, dried camomiles if we have the mumps, feverfew for bleeding of the nose, lily leaves for broken heads or knees, my grandmother's pet remedy for the bite of a mad dog. Well, really, I begin to think we have thought of everything. But exercise your wits, my good Grettel: once these doors are locked, neither for love nor money will they be opened again. Can you think of anything else? Oh yes, the dried sausages!"

Down went a huge string of dried sausages, followed by two or three equally huge pots of jam.

"Now, Grettel," cried Hilda, ready to lock the cupboard and descend, "have I forgotten anything?"

"What about the wash, Fräulein?—soap, soda, bluing, Fräulein?" said Grettel, with great alacrity, the prospective wash out-of-doors wearing an unusual fascination in her eyes just then.

"I am not Fräulein Hilda," Hilda replied, hiding her amusement under a guise of irritation. "In case of an emergency, you could say it as a matter of course, so pray cure yourself of the habit, and say Gnädiges Fräulein at once."

"And the starch, Gnädiges Fräulein," Grettel said, terror getting the better of her reluctance.

Hilda gave out the starch, closed the door of the cupboard, and locked it with a jerk. Then descending from her pinnacle, she feigned a sneeze in order to hide her laughter, adding, as soon as she had recovered herself, "Very good. If you go on as you have begun, I shall be quite pleased with you, Grettel. But with regard to the wash? No, no more washing, soap-sudding, steaming, mangling, and hanging out to dry for you just yet, my good Grettel. You are no longer a maid-of-all-work, but my attendant, remember, and must immediately tidy up the house, clean yourself, put on your best clothes, and sit down to your spinning-wheel in the parlor."

Grettel looked on the verge of another outbreak, but Hilda's deprecatory gesture and commanding frown immediately checked the impulse. She obeyed with the docility of an automaton set in motion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHANGE PARTNERS.

"I KNOW perfectly well it's horrible; but I do get *so* tired of Stephen's perpetual goodness! If he would only treat me to a few scenes once in a while, Mary, I do believe I might almost fall in love with him. Oh no, of course I don't mean that;" and Winnie Mowatt's olive cheeks grew crimson as she spoke. Mary Mowatt, an elder sister by some eight years or more, and who, in virtue of her seniority, was occupied in putting pretty Winnie's room in order, smiled rather oddly as she replied:

"I quite agree with you. The love is still in the future."

"Do you know, Mary, I wish Stephen had a mustache, whiskers, beard, anything? But that close-cut face, severely clerical cassock, and all, will drive me wild;" and tears of vexation stood in Winnie's brown eyes. "I don't think we are suited to each other at all—do you?"

"I suppose he might cultivate a mustache—no, whiskers, that's more clerical—if you only mentioned the subject."

"Oh, you know very well that's not what I mean. I know I am not good enough for him; and I must say I wish I had never wasted my time visiting those poor people, and pretending to be a saint, when I am far enough from it."

"You succeeded in your object, nevertheless," replied Mary, dryly.

"More's the pity. Now, Mary, you must do me a favor. Stephen is coming in an hour to go to some service or other—I should think he might have enough of that in his own parish, without dancing attendance on every one our rector sees fit to drone through—and I'm not going. You must tell him so. I am going to take Mignon and drive off in search of something new."

"Very sorry, but I'm off too;" and Mary dashed out of the room.

Sitting down at her desk, Winnie wrote a note to the Rev. Stephen Morgan, urging various pressing duties that must be attended to, so that she would be prevented from enjoying his society that morning. With a laugh Winnie threw it on the hall table, rushed up stairs and down again, and was off to the stables. The low pony-carriage was soon ready, and just as she turned the corner leading toward Chester, the Rev. Stephen Morgan was seen to ascend the steps of Mowatt Hall.

"I'm not in a mood for goodness this morning, and Stephen is too like an angel. I wonder if I am wickeder than other people?" with which pleasing reflection Miss Winnie drove on. Soon she came to a road which she seemed to hesitate about taking; then setting her mouth quite firmly, urged her pony valiantly on. "I might as well have the pleasure of driving through the grounds, anyway," she soliloquized. "Miss Blanche Grey is not yet in possession. I wonder what she is like? Dashing, if harum-scarum Charlie chose her. Ah, well!"—heaving a sigh, as she loosened the rein, and let Mignon walk through the woods belonging to Chester—"I used to think Charlie—" Winnie stopped very suddenly; for, barring the road, stood a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with dark whiskers and mustache. Approaching Winnie, he made a low bow.

"We arrest trespassers at Chester *now*"—seizing the reins and leading Mignon on some distance before Winnie recovered from her surprise sufficiently to speak.

"Charlie Chester!" she exclaimed at length. "Leave the reins alone. When did you come? Had I known you were here, no power on earth would have induced me to enter these grounds."

"And what was your object now, pray?" with a sneer.

"I have had many happy days in these woods," replied Winnie, pensively, "and a thought of them brought me here."

Charlie Chester's face assumed a look of incredulity. "In those happy days, Winnie, when we were such fools? Bah!"

"Yes," replied she, carelessly, "I flatter myself I *did* make a fool of you."

"Flirt!" exclaimed the young man, dashing his cane on the ground, and seizing the young girl's hands in his two powerful ones. "Winnie, why did you treat me so? Why teach me with every breath I drew to inhale the poison of loving you, only to laugh and jeer at me? There was a time—Do you remember one walk through these very woods, when, leaning on my arm, you let me lead you through path after path, now stopping under some old tree to gather the wild flowers that were not one-half as lovely or as wild as you, now resting by the little brook. I was so happy, Winnie, and you—"

"Were wondering how much you had a year!

You are really getting poetical, Sir Charles. Well, you cheated me, after all, for Miss Grey—"

"Is to be my wife."

Without one word Winnie urged "Mignon" on, and Charlie Chester did not follow. She had grown to be so dear to him, and he had looked upon her as his future wife ever since the day when he had met her, in her girlish beauty, the willful beauty of Trenor. Had not every look, every action, conveyed his meaning to her? Pshaw! She was clay, very common clay too; for had he not been told that her object was the Chester property, not himself? *This* ambition a man never forgives, where women are concerned; *himself*—oh, that is quite another matter.

"Life with Blanche, while that gypsy face is ever before me! I wish to Heaven she had not crossed my path again."

Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Morgan had left his fiancée's house in no pleasant mood. He was beginning to weary of Winnie's *enfantillage*, and really since their engagement she had become a very different creature. Where was now her devotion to good works? She did nothing but upbraid him for his clerical profession, and insinuate that she should make his leaving the Church a condition of their marriage. And now, after solemnly promising to accompany him to church—for was it not St. John the Baptist's Day?—she had disappeared. Quite vexed in spirit, Stephen Morgan sank wearily on his knees; when rising, a sweet voice at his side said, "Surely you are Cousin Stephen?" and a little gray glove was held out to him.

Stephen was very properly averse to talking or looking about him in church, but the sudden relationship was too much for him; so, without pausing, he took the hand, and glanced curiously at his neighbor. A tall blonde, with blue eyes, and a smile on her lips! Stephen was unaware of possessing so lovely a cousin, but was not unwilling to claim the relationship.

The service over, he followed her into the church-yard. How tall, how graceful, she was! And there was a quiet dignity about her that seemed to pour comfort upon poor Stephen's harrowed soul.

"And how did it happen that I never saw you before?"

"Oh, that is easily explained. You see, I have always lived in Scotland, and as you never came there, how could we know each other?"

"How did you recognize me, then?"

"From a picture I once saw of you, and I took a— I liked your face, and remembered it."

How different from Winnie, who found fault with his physiognomy twenty times a day!

"Where are you stopping, Miss— Really, I forgot to ask your name. Of course I know it's Grey; but what else?"

"Blanche."

"And it suits you."

The Reverend Stephen drew himself up, recalling Winnie. Well, this girl was his cousin; he had a right to pay her all the compliments he chose.

"Are you stopping near Trenor?"

"At Chester. Lady Chester is my godmother. Do you know her?"

"No; though I have walked through the grounds. I thought the family absent. But I shall call, if I may, Blanche."

Blanche Grey drove off with a sigh. "What a heavenly face Stephen has! I wish Charlie looked like him, or that he ever would go with me to church. What an attentive lover!" and again the fair Blanche heaved a sigh. Surely the air was full of sighs this morning.

Lady Chester was seated on the lawn receiving her guests. Such a handsome, haughty old lady, of whom every one stood in mortal terror, with two exceptions—first, her son, Sir Charles, who knew his mother's vulnerable point—himself; and second, Winnie Mowatt, who feared neither woman nor man, especially man. By Lady Chester stood Blanche Grey, her trailing white gown falling in graceful folds about her, while from her picturesque hat white feathers drooped upon her golden hair.

"Looks for all the world like the chaste Diana, as cold and impassive. Imagine me with such a companion for life! She *is* a beauty, and I should adore her were she any other man's wife; but as mine! Fortunately adoring one's wife has gone out of fashion;" and with a shrug of his broad shoulders, and diving his hands in his pockets, Charlie Chester took a step backward.

"Really, Sir Charles!"

"Winnie, I beg your pardon. Miss Mowatt, I was unaware of your proximity;" and Sir Charles was bowing himself off.

"Allow me to introduce the Reverend Mr. Morgan. Sir Charles Chester."

"Excuse me, Winnie, but I—I—I'll be back before long. I must speak to my cousin, Miss Grey;" and poor Stephen was off with a radiant face. Was she not the embodiment of holy beauty in her white robes? As she stood there, that rapt look on her face, she seemed a St. Cecilia, and Stephen almost dreaded lest wings should appear, and she should take her flight.

"I suppose you could find nothing uglier to wear?" scoffed Sir Charles, touching Winnie's pink dress with a gesture of disdain. Winnie drew back.

"Is the color offensive? You used to be fond of pink once, Charlie. I suppose white has the preference now."

"You wear the color you know I like; you come here looking like an angel; you do it to drive me wild, Winnie, and, by Jove! I will *not* stand it."

"Don't insult me, Sir Charles, by forgetting whose betrothed you are, and by paying me empty compliments."

"George! my fair Blanche seems to fancy that muff of a parson who came with you, and I'll make him a present— By-the-way, who did you say he was?"

"The Reverend Stephen Morgan, of Totten, who proposes making me his wife."

"He does, does he? If you value his life, keep him out of my way. I tell you I am a jealous man, and though you will not have *me*, you shall not have *him*."

"To judge from appearances, he seems much more inclined to have *your* fiancée. By-the-bye, they are cousins. Why, Charlie, we shall be related; not very near, to be sure, but near enough for me to visit you continually, and during Lent you and your wife can fast at Upham, if Stephen gets the living."

"That he won't! You forget my uncle has the giving of it, and I'll move heaven and earth to prevent that duffer from getting it. Jove! it's enough to make a man's blood boil to see such a heartless flirt as you are. Child, how could you be so cruel, when you knew how my heart was full of you? Winnie"—they had wandered off into the woods so fatally fraught with bitter-sweet memories, and Charlie Chester had bared his head to the breeze—"Winnie darling, tell me true, had you no love at all for me in those happy days? Was it all on my side?"

Tears were standing in Winnie's brown eyes, and a look of pain crossed her face, but she made no reply.

"Winifred, I *will* know," and seizing her two hands in his, Charlie Chester gazed long and wistfully into her eyes. As for Winnie, the earth seemed sinking beneath her feet, while the tears ran unrestrainedly down her cheeks. "Are these for me, Winnie?"

No answer.

"Then, darling, I alone have the right to wipe them away," and Charlie bent his head and kissed her.

"Sir Charles," said a voice near him, "Miss Grey awaits you in the shrubbery," and Stephen Morgan stood by Winnie's side.

If Stephen Morgan thought his cousin angelic from a distance, this feeling was intensified on drawing near. After being duly presented to Lady Chester, he proposed a walk in the woods, to which Blanche willingly consented. She really liked her new-found cousin very much, and secretly had admired his severe profile, as set forth by some Totten photographer, ever since his mother, in a moment of maternal vanity, had sent it to her Scotch relatives. So must St. John the Baptist have looked, preaching repentance to all. And it was on St. John's Day they had met for the first time. Blanche's imagination was fired by the coincidence, and in her heart of hearts she thought the resemblance more striking even in reality. What relief and comfort he must carry in his very presence to the poor and sick of his parish! With such an object, life was worth living; and her mind reverted to *her* future.

She had never been in love with Sir Charles, but had been fond of Lady Chester, her godmother, who had set her heart on her son's marrying Blanche. So, after the cruel story of Winifred Mowatt's mercenary ambition, founded on a joke carelessly spoken, but faithfully reported, Sir Charles had acquiesced in his mother's plan, as well as Blanche, to whom one was as good as another, for she was heart-free, and thought that time would teach her what time alone never does—love.

As she wandered on with Stephen, she could not refrain from comparing him with Charlie, much to the latter's disadvantage. Sir Charles was too tall, too robust, reminding one too forcibly of the beef and ale which nourished him; while Stephen was more heavenly, more freed from the dependence upon daily food. (N.B.—She had never seen him at dinner, hence the delusion.)

Then Stephen was dark, very dark, while Sir Charles had brown hair and whiskers—a privilege accorded to too many to make it valuable—and his eyes were gray. Clearly Sir Charles was running a race *à reculons*.

Stephen did not define his feelings as regarded Blanche, except that she was his idea of a St. Cecilia, for "his heart was true to Poll," or if it wasn't, he *thought* it was, so that it amounted to much the same.

Their conversation turned upon his future.

"You know I am in hopes of getting Upham," he said. "Lord Hendrey is quite my very good friend, and has about promised it me. It is a lovely spot. Were you ever there?"

"Upham near Tamley?"

"The same; Lord Hendrey's town."

"Why, of course I have been there. Lord Hendrey is Charlie's uncle, and I have often visited with Lady Chester. A charming spot, my ideal of a village. And, Stephen, there is much work needed there, for the last man was old and very negligent. There are many poor families will need your care and—your wife's, for I presume you will marry."

"Unfortunately that's not in Winnie's line. She hates visiting, she says; though when I first met her, it was at a poor woman's bedside."

"Is 'Winnie' Miss Mowatt?"

"Yes."

"And are you going to marry her?"

"Why, yes"—rather uneasily.

"Indeed!"

There was nothing more said, and silently they walked on, until they reached the shrubbery, where Blanche declared her intention of resting. Soon they perceived a couple advancing, and recognized Sir Charles and Winnie.

"I wonder when Winnie knew him?" remarked Stephen.

"Oh, they are very old friends—*very*," replied Blanche, not entirely without meaning, for she had heard a vague rumor of a "flirtation" between Sir Charles and the beauty of Mowatt Hall, though it is due to her to add that she was ignorant of its real nature, else had she not accepted Sir Charles. "Good gracious! Charlie is becoming really touching," she exclaimed, beneath her breath, as she saw him take Winnie's hands. As he bent forward, a look of horror crossed her fair face, and she bade Stephen summon Sir Charles. "And he never kissed *me* but once," she thought, "and that was a ghost-like salute on the forehead."

"Sir Charles," she said, as he presented himself before her, looking rather sheepish, "here is your ring. Believe me, I am glad to give it back."

"Forgive me, Blanche," he stuttered, looking, if anything, rather relieved. "I ought to have told you frankly that my heart was not my own."

"Oh, I forgive you easily enough," replied Blanche, haughtily; "it is Miss Mowatt I blame."

"Just like a woman, always down on her own sex."

"It is because she has deceived my cousin, poor Stephen, a man as far above her as the heavens from the earth."

"Blanche, you go too far."

"*She* went too far. Why did she lay her trap to catch a saint? Men of the world, like yourself, are more her line."

There was no use mincing matters, and Lady Chester had to be told that the engagement between her son and goddaughter was at an end, and for a while Chester was more comfortable without than within. Blanche strove to bear the brunt of her displeasure, but Sir Charles would not allow of that, and confessed that he still loved Winnie Mowatt.

"Marry her, then," exclaimed the old lady, in a rage. "You're a fool, and so is Blanche."

Marry her, then! How easy to say, but with Stephen Morgan in the way, how difficult to do! However, Sir Charles was no coward, and one fine morning he started out, armed inwardly *cap-a-pie* for an encounter. His heart failed him when he entered the drawing-room of Mowatt Hall, but his courage all came back as he saw Winnie curled up in an arm-chair, her chin resting on her hand, deep in thought. The color mounted to her olive cheeks as she perceived Sir Charles.

"Winnie, it is all up between Blanche and me."

"Really? How interesting for the *chronique scandaleuse!* How you two will be picked to pieces! Not a feather will be left on *your* back."

Sir Charles did not pause to inquire to what fowl she mentally likened him, which perhaps was as well, but said, "Where is Mr. Morgan?"

Winnie's face grew pensive.

"Gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"Why, to Totten, to be sure. Where else should he go? Upham isn't his yet, is it?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. All I want to know is that he will never come back. Tell me, will he?"

"How do I know? No, on consideration I do not think he will come back."

"And are you free, my—my—"

"Hands off, please. And before I answer your question, Sir Charles, let me tell you that it was wicked, very wicked, of you ever to have listened to gossip about me, and—"

"Precious pet! Tears again? This will never do, Winnie. But answer my question of the other day: Did you not care for me at all in those poor happy old days?"

"Of course I did"—very low.

Sir Charles was content. As he was leaving the drawing-room preparatory to an audience with Mr. Mowatt, Winnie's venerable parent, a little hand was laid on his arm, and a sweet voice said: "Charlie, poor Stephen was dreadfully cut up. I didn't think he cared so much about me."

"Deuce take Stephen! No; I'll forgive him, for *I* have *you*."

After which more nonsense.

Sir Charles took his bride abroad, and after a winter in Rome they were preparing to return to Chester, which was to be their home, as old Lady Chester had gone off three miles to live, at Bovey. They were stopping in Paris for a few days, and Lady Chester awaited her husband's pleasure in a fiacre before T—— & Co., English bankers. Soon he appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. He jumped in, squeezed his wife's hand—they had not been married so very long, after all—and exclaimed, "News of Stephen for you. He's got Upham, and—"

"Poor Stephen!" sighed Winnie.

"Don't waste your sympathy, little one. He has married Blanche Grey, and now, come to think of it, she *was* a monstrous fine girl."

WESTERN FLOODS.

MANY of our readers are familiar with the scenes produced by a heavy storm in some country district. The rain pours steadily down for a couple of days; roads become difficult or impassable; the farmers and their "hands" busy themselves in-doors, or gather in impatient idleness about the fire. In the village the store-keeper entertains a small group of purposeless visitors; the tavern-keeper "loafs" behind his deserted "bar"; the school is closed, or its few inmates are "let out" early. Everything is at a stand-still; the sluggish currents of the slow rural life cease to flow; a blank and weary stillness settles over the community. Is it possible to imagine a great city of over a quarter of a million of inhabitants reduced by a similar cause to like quiet? That is what happened on Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st of February, in Cincinnati. A heavy rain began on Sunday, which extended far up the Ohio Valley, and the river rose with such rapidity that the warnings of the Signal Bureau at Washington flashed over the wires during the night were practically useless. By Monday evening the river had risen, at the rate of two inches an hour, to fifty-six feet in the channel, and was at that hour threatening a flood as disastrous as any known before the time of the Signal Service. Three of the railways entering the city were blocked. Grain standing on the tracks in the freight yards could not be delivered. On 'Change, business was at a stand-still, and contracts for the peculiar commodity known in the slang of that institution as "spot track grain" were declared "off" until the flood subsided. A great colony of distilleries, situated on Mill Creek, was surrounded by the water, and gangs of laborers were busy throwing up embankments to resist it. In places barrels of whiskey were floated gayly into the current. At others the firm hand of the law was loosened to permit liquor, for whose custody heavy bonds had been given, to be carried to dry land for safety. Great foundries were submerged, some twenty thousand men were thrown out of employment, and it will be several weeks before work can be resumed. Along the river a hundred families were driven from their homes, while several hundred more were served in their upper chambers with the necessaries of life, brought in skiffs by enterprising or charitable hands.

Outside the city, thousands of farm gardens were under water. Railway bridges were carried away; at one point a half-mile of trestle-work was lifted from its light anchorage and borne down the river. On the Cincinnati and Indianapolis road a train reached a station near the Cleves Tunnel only to find that the tunnel had become the bed of a roaring stream. Three engines were put on; the train dashed into the newly arisen river till the water rose around the fire-boxes, and just as it glided through the lower mouth of the tunnel in safety the steam gave out. The next train, with like tactics, was imprisoned half-way through the tunnel, and had to wait drearily fresh engines to rescue it. This condition of things continued until Tuesday evening, when the rain ceased. During the night the mercury dropped below freezing, and on the Twenty-second the citizens celebrated their holiday by trying to fish their property from the slowly subsiding flood. Like scenes, though not so marked, were witnessed in St. Louis, while to the north and west, in Illinois, great sections of the country were under water.

More serious was the flood along the Mississippi. This mighty river broke through its banks at Osceola, Arkansas, poured along to the head-waters of the St. Francis, and again to the main stream fifteen miles or so above Helena. For nearly eighty miles the country is flooded for fifteen miles from either shore, and great numbers of cattle, mules, sheep, and hogs have been drowned, while here and there above the weary waste of waters the luckless animals are huddled on hastily built platforms.

The Hon. Mr. DUN, who represents the district in the House, has presented a resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to distribute rations to the sufferers by the flood, who, he thinks, will reach three hundred thousand in number.

ELEPHANTS AT SEA.

THE voyage of the elephants presented by the King of the Belgians, from India to Africa, was an eventful one. The task of slinging the bulky pachyderms off the wharf into the ship was simply enormous. A gear adapted to a weight of twenty tons was rigged, and the mammoths being got into position were safely slung on board, and the steamer started. Out at sea the great beasts would persist in standing up all day and night, and the swaying of their huge bodies with the motion of the ship nearly dislocated even their columnar legs—nearly fractured, also, the timbers of the deck. But at last they were urged into kneeling down, while a judicious addition of props kept the deck in its place, and thus the elephants got safely across the seas to Zanzibar. Then came a difficulty—how were the creatures to be landed? The ship could not go nearer to the shore than two miles, and there was neither raft, nor lighter, nor any other appliance for transporting them to land. Could they swim? No one knew.

There was nothing for it but to try. So one of the monsters—its name was the Budding Lily, and it stood ten feet high—was gravely dropped overboard, with a man on its back. The elephant solemnly sank until the man was under water, and then as solemnly re-appeared. One look round sufficed to explain the position to the poor beast, which, hopeless of ever reaching the distant shore, turned round and made frantic efforts to get on board again. In vain the mahout belabored it. The elephant kept its head against the ship's side. In vain they tried to tow it behind a boat, for though, when exhausted with struggling, the huge bulk was dragged a short distance, returning strength soon enabled it to drag the boat back to the ship.

And so for an hour, rain pelting hard all the time, the wretched monster floundered about in the sea, and scrambled against the ship's timbers, now floating alongside without any sign of life, now plunging madly round with the ridiculous boat in tow. That it would have drowned ultimately seemed beyond doubt, but on a sudden the great thing's intelligence supplemented that of the human beings who were with it, and making up its mind that life was worth another effort, and that the ship was unscalable, the elephant began to swim. Again and again, before it reached the first sand-bank, its strength or pluck failed; but the boat was always at hand to encourage or irritate it to renewed exertions, and so at last, after nearly four hours' immersion, the first behemoth got on shore. Away in the distance those watching from the ship could make out the great black bulk creeping up the sward. Under a tree close by stood its attendant, and in the enjoyment of the monstrous cakes of sugar, rum, flour, and spices which had been prepared for it, and the luxury of a careful rubbing down with warm blankets, the Captain Webb of the elephant world recovered its equanimity and spirits.

Her companions, the Flower Garland, Beauty, and the Wonder-Inspirer, emboldened by Budding Lily's performance, soon joined her on African soil.

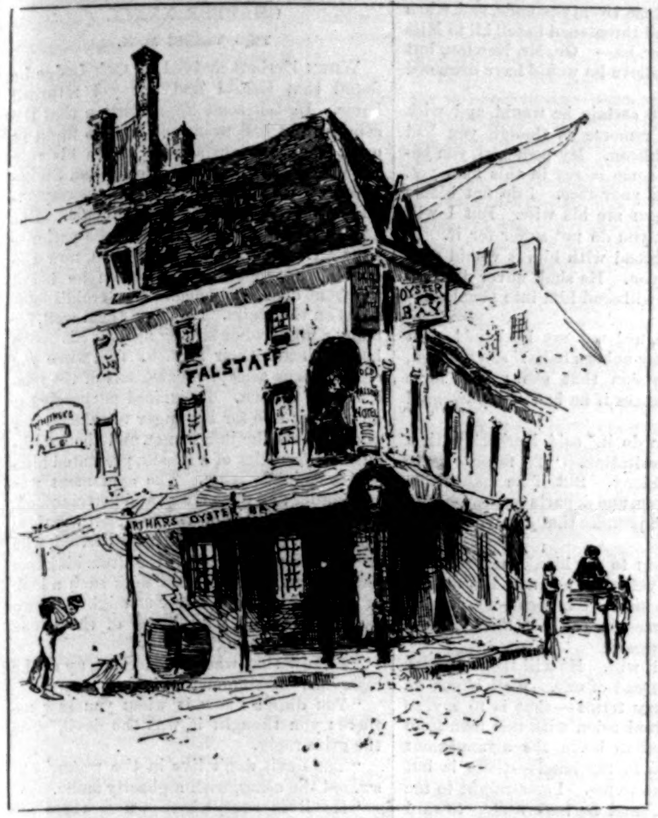
WASHINGTON STREET, AFTER THE FIRE.

WHERE THE FIRE STARTED.

VIEW LOOKING WEST.

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.

THE GREAT FIRE IN HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS.—From Sketches by Edmund H. Garrett.—[See Page 132.]



OLD PHILADELPHIA INNS.

Among the rapidly diminishing antiquities of Philadelphia streets are the few old inns which now stand in the midst of offices and warehouses, and have almost been forgotten, though they are strongly characteristic of the town as it was in colonial times. To pass from crowded streets into a court-yard belonging to one of these inns is like stepping from modern life back to the days when stage-coaches were in vogue, and their head-quarters were the rendezvous for gossips and newsmongers. Some of the inn yards, with their low archways and old tumble-down stables, are very artistic in effect. There is one in particular, attached to a tavern on Fourth Street, between Vine and Callowhill, which is strangely foreign in its picturesqueness. Next to it is an Augustinian monastery, and on warm summer afternoons, when the windows are open, a lounger in this yard can hear the low monotonous chant of the choir-boys as they rehearse the coming service, and the occasional deep bass accompaniment of the choir-master's voice chiding them for a false note, or for their inattention. Through the thick foliage of the trees he can now and then catch a glimpse of the white robes of the youthful choristers. A few feet from him a dog perhaps lies sleeping in the shade, and even the usually busy sparrows have grown quiet from the oppressive heat. The whole scene is like a picture from an old Italian town. There is nothing in any other American city quite like these Philadelphia taverns.

During the European colonization of America the Spaniards introduced into New Spain the Inquisition and black lace mantillas; the Pilgrim fathers, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, brought to New England, in addition to witchcraft, conventicles and schnapps; and the Dutch made New Amsterdam the stronghold of pipes and beer mugs. But to Philadelphia William Penn carried, as his Lares and Penates, the Quaker passion for order and the English love of inns. As soon as he and his companions had planned out the city, in which the streets were to be as straight as their own principles, they built an inn, which they called the Blue Anchor, and which occupies a very conspicuous place in the early Philadelphia annals. That they considered it a success is attested by the fact that before long Second, Front, and Water streets were lined with similar establishments. The ingenuity expended upon the signs and names of these taverns was not very wonderful. Black and White Horses were as plentiful as on the prairies, Green Trees bore witness to the neighboring forests, Ploughs and Bulls' Heads and Cows did honor to farmers, who were their principal patrons, while Jolly Tars and Anchors served as snares to sailors. Two or three names, however, acquired preeminence, and became individualized through certain pleasant associations. They are like planets of the first magnitude, which partially obscure the light of the lesser stars. According to T. Buchanan Read,

> "In days long since the Ship and Sheaf
> Was deemed of goodly inns the chief."

Its founder must have been a man of forethought and good common-sense. While most of his brother landlords, like ordinary fishermen, had but one end to their line, the host of the Ship and Sheaf, by a double bait, captured double prey. The ship on his

THE SIGN OF THE RISING SUN.

THE SORREL HORSE INN.

OLD PHILADELPHIA INNS.—Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

sign appealed to seamen, and the sheaf to countrymen. He had learned the secret of making himself all things to all men.

The Falstaff was another Philadelphia inn of great renown. It stood on Sixth Street, between Chestnut and Market, and from before its door Falstaff in yellow doublet, round and jolly, smiled benevolently upon the passers-by. "What's in a name?" Mine host of the Falstaff would have declared that a tavern by any other name would not have smelled so sweet, for his sign savored of the stage, and drew to it all the actors in Philadelphia, even as the Round Table had once been the nucleus around which Arthur and his knights gathered. When the theatre was on Chestnut Street, near Sixth, FORREST and BOOTH, JEFFERSON and CLARKE, after the play was over, met at the Falstaff. This was not so many years ago. Most of the actors who were then growing into fame are still in their prime; but the Falstaff now lives only in name.

All traces of the Blue Anchor have long since disappeared, and the Ship and Sheaf is so entirely a thing of the past that no one knows where it once stood.

The cynic or the pessimist says that when a man is in trouble his friends fly from him.

> "Those you make friends,
> And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
> The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
> Like water from ye,"

cries Buckingham, and probably he is right. But what can a man do? If his coat wear out, he must throw it away. He may be attached to it because of its long and faithful service, but this is no reason for him to go about with sleeves out at elbow and seams shiny and rubbed. He is not ungrateful; he is merely acting in accord with the instinct of self-preservation. What does the old proverb say? "Charity begins at home." However, this is a point for the moralist to decide. It is very certain that, now inns are no longer necessities, there is a tendency to disparage them. A favorite story at their expense tells how a hungry traveller stops at one and calls eagerly for dinner. "What will the gentleman have?" asks the obsequious landlord, handing him a bill of fare. The guest, growing hungrier as he reads it, orders one dish after another. "Too bad!" murmurs the landlord, as each new one is named, "we only served the last oyster—the last potato—to a gentleman an hour ago. But—anything else now?" And he rubs his hands deprecatingly. In the end it turns out that all that can be had is a lean fowl which the famished traveller can see through the half-opened door, and which he knows could not satisfy the appetite of a three-year-old child. Of course this is an imaginary account, but even if such were the entertainment supplied by taverns in these degenerate times, in the inns of fiction we can always be sure of a glorious spread and a groaning board. And what a tempting bill of fare they offer! We call for mirth, sadness, fear, or horror, as the fancy seizes us, and hey, presto! in the twinkling of an eye we are served with jokes, intrigues, amours, elopements, murders, and robberies galore. Had we never heard of Don Quixote or Gil Blas, of DUMAS père or THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, we could find sufficient provisions of this kind in English books to supply a feast for every day in the year. We have all of us partaken of the "gret chere" served by mine host of the Tabard, where, as you probably remember,

> "The chambres and stables weren wide,
> And wel we weren esed atte beste."

We have drunk deeply with the loggerheads at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, where we hobnobbed with honest Jack Falstaff and that "good boy" Prince Hal, and listened to the ribaldry of the hostess and gay Doll Tearsheet. We know well the little inn at Henley, on the Thames, which SHENSTONE sings of. Many and many are the adventures in inns through which we have followed Peregrine Pickle, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, and all the other young rakes and devil-may-care heros of a past generation. WALTER SCOTT has led us into Scotch, English, and French inns, and DICKENS has given us a long, well-nigh inexhaustible list of these public places of entertainment. From the Maypole, with stolid old Joe Willet as host, to the White Hart and Belle Sauvage of Weller fame, we have gone to all of them, and found in them better refreshment than their honest hosts ever dreamed of providing for their guests. It is not only in fiction that English writers have loved inns. Many authors with whose lives we are familiar were frequenters of them. "What things have we seen done at the Mermaid!" where BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT, and FLETCHER met and jested until their jovial fun "left an air behind them which alone was able to make the two next companies right witty." SPENSER died in an inn. DRYDEN spent most of his free moments in an old tavern that stood on Bow Street. And, my dear reader, do you not still remember those little dinners and evenings at the Mitre, the tavern with the "orthodox high-church sound," when we drank tea or lemonade, and listened tremblingly to the snubs the autocrat heaped upon his slave, or else blushed with pleasure when he stretched out his hand to this humble worshipper, and proclaimed with Johnsonian magnificence, "Give me your hand, sir; I have taken a liking to you"?

It was at the Rose we used to wait for jolly, tender-hearted DICK STEELE; and then there was that little tavern, not far from Button's, where we met ADDISON, and sat up with him until the wee sma' hours. Two or three bottles of port were nothing to us then, but, I wonder, did our heads ache the next morning, and how did we manage to work? From the Bedford Arms HOGARTH and his friends started on their holiday tour, while we watched them from the inn yard, and gave them a pleasant send-off. In a later generation the Salutation and Cat was our favorite resort. Here LAMB and COLERIDGE used to lose themselves in the labyrinth of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," with no thread to lead them safely out of it. And then, how they discoursed upon the merits of BOWLES and BURNS and COWPER! after which COLERIDGE read his own poems to LAMB. Metaphysical speculation and poetic criticism were inspired by egg-loot and smoking Orinoko. Those were glorious nights.

But "time passeth as water in a river," as BRANDT says in "Ye Schippe of Fooles," and it carries with it many of the old landmarks. English and American inns "have lost their prestige," as a clergyman once said of DAVID, after the murder of URIAH. Clubs and hotels have replaced them in popular favor. Now that Philadelphia has, in the words of Matthew Bramble, gone out of town, the old inns that were once scenes of activity and excitement and the haunts of fashion are neglected. The few still remaining are like living relics of the olden time, and their quaint archways and long old-fashioned porches suggest the knee-breeches, silk stockings, long coats, and three-cornered hats of the Revolutionary period. Instead of the coaches and chaises and coach-boys that once crowded their court-yards, butchers and Jersey wagons are their commonplace occupants. Truly their glory and fame have faded before the coming of the steam-engine like mist before the morning sun.

ELIZABETH ROBINS.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

THE RESERVOIR.

GERALD had dropped his wife like some inanimate burden, which, fortunately for herself, she had indeed become. Her senses had left her with her last remains of strength, and she had fainted without perceiving the monstrous portent which had presented itself to her husband's eyes, and palsied the hand of murder. When she came to herself she became dimly conscious of some one standing beside her chafing her cold hands.

"Don't speak, Rachel," he said, kindly; "take a drop from this flask. You will soon be better."

"What has happened?" she murmured, wildly. "Where is my—I mean Gerald?" Then, with a shudder of anguish and fear as recollection returned to her, "How could he—could he do so?"

"Because he is an absolutely worthless villain," returned her companion, gravely. "That is the simple truth, Rachel."

"Oh, Mr. Newton, is that you? But, after all, he did repent. His good angel did not desert him altogether."

"Then his good angel must be of a very persevering disposition. Gerald's own impression is to the contrary. If you asked him what prevented his drowning you he would say—and for once truly, for he thinks it—that it was the devil. Behind you, where I have put it, not to frighten you, is my diving dress, in which I do not appear to advantage. I was under water when he pulled my rope, and I fortunately obeyed the summons. That helmet"—here he kicked it into view—"coming out of the reservoir might have frightened a bolder man with a better conscience."

"Deary me!" shuddered the poor woman, alarmed at the spectacle even as it was, "he must have thought he was come for."

"No doubt he did. However, it is only a postponement. Now tell me all about it. That you are Gerald's wife I know."

"Yes, sir, his wedded wife," exclaimed she, eagerly, "only he will not acknowledge me."

"He shall," returned Herbert, grimly. "Have you your marriage certificate?"

"He took it away from me. I think he carries it about with him. But I have forgotten whereabouts in London we were married, and he will never, never give it up," and she wrung her hands despairingly. It was difficult to say whether her distress or her simplicity touched her companion most.

"By Heaven he shall, though!" replied Herbert, curtly. "Now, do you be quite easy in your mind, my girl, that this fellow has done his worst. You hardly want to live with him any more, I suppose, but only to get your rights?"

"Yes, sir, and not for myself only," she answered, with a faint flush.

"I understand, and will take care that you shall have them. Now, how came you to meet him in this solitary place? Was it by appointment?"

"Yes, sir."

"What an unspeakable villain!"

"Nay, sir, it was not that. He did not come here to drown me. He chose this spot to be free from observation and interruption. He wanted to break it to me that he was going away—he said for a few days, but, as I believe, he meant to desert me."

"I am quite sure he did. Go on."

"He offered me twenty pounds, and when I refused it, and threatened to tell all to Miss Clare, his sister, he— Oh, Mr. Newton, but for you I do believe he would have drowned me."

"I am quite certain he would, and with just as little remorse as though you had been a blind kitten. My poor girl, you believe there is some mercy in this man yet. I can see it in your face. I do not blame you, because you are his wife. But I will take care that you do not suffer for it. If he took you abroad with him it would only be to murder you. He shall never do that, however, for I will send him into penal servitude!"

"Oh, no, no, no! not my husband! Not the father of my unborn babe!" she pleaded, with such passion that she would have fallen at his knees if he had not prevented her.

"I ought to do it," said Herbert, with a pretense of hesitation. "To forbear is to compound a felony. But if he makes due provision for you, and departs forthwith, and on your solemn promise that you will not see him—"

"I don't want to see him," she broke in. "Oh, no; not yet, at all events. But oh, Mr. Newton, when his child is born—he did love me at one time—do you not think it will make a difference?"

"No doubt it will. He will then compass two deaths instead of one. Well, if you do not agree to my terms—that is to say, to have no communication with this man from henceforth, and to leave the arrangement of your affairs in my hands—there is but one course open to me. I go straight to the police station," and he took a step toward the door. She was up and hanging upon his arm in an instant.

"Oh, Mr. Newton, for Heaven's sake, I will do anything you ask of me! Think, think of his poor sister!"

He had been thinking of her already a great deal. In the matter of the highest justice—that is, as regards the punishment of the cruel—Herbert Newton was implacable. The very tenderness and simplicity of his nature in that respect made him adamant. He had none of that bastard charity which throws its cloak over baseness and brutality in the name of philanthropy. If a word of his could have saved Gerald from the gallows, he would not—so far as Gerald was concerned—have spoken it. He had a firm conviction that such persons were better out of the world than in it. He had no misgivings about the matter except as it affected their victims. It was they, and they alone, who had his sympathy.

"I have thought of Miss Clare," he answered, gently, "and for her sake—and for your sake, not for his—I will spare this man. Come, take my arm; you are not fit to go alone; I will see you home."

"Thank you, no, sir; I will make shift to go by myself. What would people say if they saw Mr. Herbert Newton going through the town with such as me upon his arm?"

"I don't care what people say; besides, to-morrow it will be known that you are Gerald Lyster's wife." Here he suddenly dropped his voice. It suddenly struck him that this would be a humiliation for Gerald's sister. The woman's quick ear perceived the change of tone. The glow of triumph that his words had called up into her worn face faded away; but her voice was firm as she replied:

"No, sir; I can wait for that. Heaven knows I am used to waiting; and there are others who ought to be considered."

He looked at her with undisguised admiration. "How strange," thought he, "that this bruised reed should have a thought for others! How wholesome must that nature once have been which, despite its sufferings and despair, can bear such fruit! And how vile the wretch who, for his own ends, could have thus misused it!"

"Yes," he said, "there are others, Rachel. If you will leave your claim for a little, and can trust me—"

"Yes, sir; I little thought to put trust in man again, but I can trust *you*."

"Good. Your interests shall not suffer from it. I will see you down the hill to the cab-stand. I dare say, by-the-bye," he added, with a bitter smile, "Gerald Lyster does not allow his wife cab money. Take this." And he put into her hand a sovereign.

"I thank you, sir," she said, putting the coin aside and wrapping her hand up in her thin, worn shawl as if to keep it from temptation, "but I have never begged save where I had a right to beg."

"That is Stokeville all over!" said Herbert, kindly. "Well, I am of Stokeville, too, and I understand you. Be so good as to accept a loan, then; to-morrow you will have money of your own and can repay me. Come, let us go." She needed no assistance now, for fire and food were in her hand, and in her heart that faith which gives strength to the feeblest—the conviction that she had found a friend.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TWO YOUNG MEN.

WHEN Herbert arrived at Oak Lodge he found that Gerald had not yet returned home. He felt some apprehension that the other's fears had prompted him to flight at once, that he might already be on his way to put the seas between himself and Stokeville; in which case his own task as respected Rachel would be very difficult. But hardly had he taken his seat in the parlor—poor Mr. Lyster's former sanctum, now the only sitting-room in use—when he heard the front door softly open and Gerald's footsteps on the stairs. He knew them well, for many a night when sitting up over his books he had heard their stealthy fall, when the old man was asleep, unconscious of the misdoings of his son. He waited purposely for an hour or two for his anger to subside (for anger blinds the judgment), and then, without the formality of a knock, presented himself in Gerald's room. The apartment was in disorder; an open trunk and portmanteau, almost filled, stood on the floor, with various other indications of departure. Gerald, who was packing a carpet-bag, rose from his knees and confronted his visitor with such a look of mingled hate and terror as might be worn by some hunted wild beast of the hyena species when brought to bay.

"I know that was you, Herbert, up at the reservoir," he stammered.

"You didn't know it when you saw me there; you thought it was the devil," was the grim reply.

"The devil don't live in the water," answered the other, with a ghastly smile.

"He lives everywhere where there are cowards, perjurers, and murderers. He is sitting now in your own cruel, craven heart."

"Come, I say, what do you want?" cried Gerald, shrinking back and putting up his hands as if to ward a blow. "I didn't mean to hurt the woman."

"You meant to kill her. She knows it, and I know it, and am prepared to swear it; and look you, so help me Heaven I will swear it, ere you are twelve hours older, before the nearest magistrate, unless—"

"Not now, not now! oh, do not ask it now!" broke in the other, falling on his knees. "I know what you want quite well; though I was the first to think of it, he tempted me to do it. He is a villain, and hates you both, and I hate him. I'll expose him—I'll ruin him; you may hang him, for all I care, and welcome. But you must have patience."

"You mean that you must get away first out of his clutches," said Herbert, coldly. He pieced together the other's wild words, and gathered their full sense at once. There was nothing strange in the disclosure; the suspicion he had always had in his mind had become a certainty; that was all.

"Yes, I must get away—safe away, and then I will tell you all. I'll write it under some lawyer's eye, and get it signed and sealed. You shall have the whole truth."

"You may keep it to yourself, as valueless as any other word of truth has ever been to you," was the stern reply. "I wish to have none of your shameful secrets. What I want, however, I mean to have. Get up, you worm, or I'll set my foot upon you! First give me the certificate of your marriage with Rachel Warder."

"I never did marry her."

"Now, take you care, Gerald Lyster! If I do not want your truth, do you think it likely that I need your lies? If once I ring this bell, no power on earth shall keep the handcuffs from your wrists."

He laid his hand upon the rope, then added, "Give up the paper."

From the breast of the coat that hung on the chair beside him Gerald produced a pocket-book, and with trembling hands picked out the required document and handed it to Herbert.

"Stop. Do not put that note-case back. To-night, before it entered into your evil mind to murder your wife, you offered her twenty pounds under pretense of a bribe, but in reality all you intended to leave her for the maintenance of herself and unborn child when you had deserted them. That was not enough, Gerald Lyster; she must have two hundred pounds."

"Two hundred devils!" exclaimed the other, passionately. "Where am I to find such a sum, even if she wanted it? And she doesn't want it. She has not been used to deal with large sums of money; it would all go in a week. You are a man, Newton, and I appeal to your sense of reason." And he held out both his hands with the air of the treasurer of some thrift society pleading the cause of domestic economy.

"I can easily believe," returned Herbert, coldly, "that your wife has not been used to deal with large sums of money; it is possible, of course, that finding herself for once with enough to eat and drink, she may be thrown off her mental balance and become

extravagant; that, however, is her lookout. You ask where are you to find such a sum. That is your lookout, though if you press the question I should reply, in that note-case. It is hard, no doubt, when we have received the wages of iniquity, and are about to enjoy them in security, to have anything subtracted from them for the necessities of others. Perhaps the hand that has already supplied your wants, especially as it has only to dip into somebody else's pocket, will supply the deficiency. That is a matter, however, in which I do not feel the slightest interest. Now, sir, give me the money."

"But two hundred pounds!" remonstrated the other, with a whine like a dog. "It is downright exaction. If you had said fifty, or even one hundred—"

"I will give you half a minute," cried Herbert, sternly, and producing his watch. "When that is gone my terms will be raised to three hundred."

With a smothered cry of rage and fear, Gerald hastily separated two notes from the rest and put them into the other's hand; they were each of them for a hundred pounds.

"You have, I perceive, a liberal paymaster," said Herbert, significantly. "I wish you joy of him! If that money prospers, there is no such thing— But there, what is all that to you? I do not say. Promise you will never again set foot in Stokeville; first, because your word is worthless, and secondly, because it is your own interest to keep away. But I warn you, if you ever molest by word or deed that unhappy woman, your wife, or if ever you attempt to communicate, except through me, with her who has the misfortune to be your half-sister, it will be the worse for you, and much the worse. As I am a living man, I will not spare you twice."

"Spare me!" echoed Gerald, with a hideous smile; "you have spared me, have you?"

But the satire was lost on his companion, who had already left the room and closed the door. Gerald cast himself on his bed and lay there without sign of life except for the movement of the line upon his forehead, which showed that thought—and evil thought—was alive within him. The darkness closed about him, but he lit no candle, but lay listening and thinking, till he heard Herbert come up to bed, when he softly struck a light and finished his packing.

Then he put on his coat, and with his hand in the bosom of it stole out into the passage. All was still as death. Noiseless as a cat he crept along toward Herbert's room. On the way he had to pass an open door, that of his late father's room, and as he did so the clock struck twelve. He stopped suddenly, as if spell-bound; every tiny stroke seemed to affect his nerves, but his lips counted them every one. Then he went on, and with one hand still in his bosom laid the other with a touch of velvet on the handle of Herbert's door. The door was locked.

"Coward!" he muttered between his teeth, and stole back again.

When Herbert rose at his usual hour next morning, which was an early one, he found that Gerald had left the house, a cab having called according to orders for him soon after daylight.

"And a good job too," was Herbert's reflection as he chipped his egg at breakfast. "He was always a noxious creature; but when he began to interfere with scientific experiment—pulling my rope like that before half my time was out, confound him—he became intolerable. I have a suspicion he tried my door last night. Come to say 'Good-by,' no doubt. Well, he'll be hung for something some day; that's certain. Let us hope it will happen soon, and somewhere a long way off. If not, I foresee we shall have further trouble with him." Then the post came in. There were two letters; one from the secretary of his railway company, and one in a hand which he had seen before, but did not immediately recognize. As in duty bound he opened the former first. It contained a proposal that he should leave the Junction, and establish himself at the London terminus of the company as assistant engineer in the locomotive department.

His suggested "improvement in axles had not proved of such material benefit as had been expected," notwithstanding which the Board had recommended that the royalty for which he had stipulated should be compounded for, and a moderate sum, which "it is conceived, under the circumstances, you will consider liberal," was offered him. Herbert looked at the figures and smiled shrewdly. "I will not presume upon their generosity," he said to himself. "If they don't use my axles, this is a mere charitable donation; if they do, I shall make more by my royalties in a single year." The London proposition was not so easily disposed of. The salary was no better than that which he already enjoyed; on the other hand, there was professional promise in it; it might lead to better things. He sat, with the letter in his hand, looking out into the garden where he had so often seen his uncle walking thoughtfully to and fro, before his late illness, full of undreamed-of cares; where Clare had been wont to tend the roses which would never know her fostering hand again. Of that little household he alone was left: one had departed an hour ago in shame; one was dead; the third was still at Sandford, but would never visit the spot again.

Death and change had been busy indeed. Would it not be well, since he was thus left alone, to begin life anew in another clime, where things might turn out more fortunately? South America was a long way off, but, as regarded his friends generally, so was London. He knew no one there but Mr. Roden, and he was scarcely an attraction. The cost of living, too, was greater in London. This last consideration was so utterly foreign to his character that, as he made a mental note of it, a smile rose to his lips of that bitter sort which is evoked by the discovery of self-deception. The fact was, though he still hesitated about departure, life in England had become distasteful to him. Since Clare was in comfort he had done his work there; and though science still had its allurements for him, there was a wider field for it and him elsewhere. He had been always old for his years; and it seemed that at five-and-twenty he had become mature, not only in thought, but in feeling. With a sigh of perplexity he put the secretary's letter aside and took up the other one. To his surprise he found it was from Miss Darrell:

"Dear Herbert"—it began—"The familiarity of this address will doubtless take you by surprise; but you may think yourself lucky I don't write 'My dear Herbert.' I have still, however, some respect for the rights of property, which (to judge by the facility with which some people fling them away) others have not. There was a Latin master in my establishment (though he was an extra)—a circumstance which enables me to add *verbum sap.* As a rule, I object to the playing upon the simplicity of human nature (that chord being already worn almost to attenuation); in this case, however, you may trust me not to spoil sport. I hate the Jesuits; but I must acknowledge that if ever a pious fraud was justifiable, it was so in the instance I have in mind. Only I can not permit you to imagine that Annie Darrell has fallen a victim to artifice, nor can I resist the pleasure of writing 'Dear Herbert.' That irrepressible outburst of affection will, however, hardly have surprised you more than the news I am about to communicate. Clare and I are in London. As Parliament was sitting, and the fashionable world in town, we thought it only due to them and ourselves that we should come up, at least for the season. Our common passion, as you know, is for gayety—routs—(an old-fashioned term which always tickles me); and it is not as if we had not money of our own wherewith to entertain society. Our 'at homes' will, no doubt, be duly advertised in the *Morning Post*, so that you will know when to look in without putting us to inconvenience. Seriously, we left Sandford somewhat suddenly on account of somebody on a very high horse indeed being seen to ride by our windows. With Mr. Fibber was Miss Fibber and her affianced husband, a handsome young gentleman, who, however, off his horse, did not impress me so favorably; there was a sense of loss, as though four of his own legs had vanished. I can not suppose that any of the party—which nominally includes Sir Peter, but him we did not see—knew Clare was still at Sandford; but there they were among the 'fashionable arrivals;' and it being quite within the bounds of possibility that we might all find ourselves (at 5*d.* the bunch) in the lift together, we two at once fled the place, and left the enemy in possession of the field. Clare was dreadfully agitated at the sight of Percy; not that I believe she has one spark of affection for him left, but 'the associations' were probably too much for her. It seemed to me that she suffered from a positive sense of suffocation, and only began to breathe freely when the train began to move. Our lungs are now in the most perfect order, as you may imagine when I tell you we now reside in Bellingham Park, where, moreover, there are no trees to interrupt the light and air. It is a fancy of the Post-office authorities to add the letter N to this address. It is my own little house, you must know, which, for the present, Clare has consented to share with me. How I wish you were at this end of the Coalborough line! Its terminus is not a quarter of a mile from me. We may think it strange if (with all your money!) you should seem to grudge the railway fare, and not run up to see us occasionally; besides, I conclude you can get a free pass. A morbid desire for originality prevents me from repeating the classical quotation I have already made use of, but you will bear this in mind.

"Always yours, dear Herbert, very sincerely, Annie Darrell."

Light, and designedly light, as was the tone of Miss Darrell's letter, it set the recipient thinking gravely enough. That the school-mistress had guessed the secret which he believed was confined to himself and Mr. Oldcastle was very clear, but in her hands he felt it was safe. There was a chord, not only of sympathy but of tacit understanding, between himself and the writer, running throughout her lively communication which gave him assurance of this. She knew Clare's character as well as he did, and would therefore be very careful—holding the views she did as regards the disagreeables of poverty—to drop no hint of the actual state of affairs. On the bare suspicion of it he felt that Clare was quite capable of stripping herself of her last penny and taking in plain needle-work for a subsistence, for she was Stokeville bred. He would have given all he had left in the world to have been able to persuade himself otherwise.

On the whole, however, since Miss Darrell evidently took a sensible view of the affair, he was by no means sorry, under the circumstance, to have her for his confidante. He read her letter over again very carefully, then folded it with his usual precision, and placed it in his breast-pocket. Then he turned once more to that of the secretary, and, declining in a few civil words his offer of a composition in lieu of the royalties for his invention, accepted the office of assistant engineer in London.

[to be continued.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A printer who is a patient in a California asylum for the insane is publishing a little paper there. He craves the kind indulgence of the reading public on the ground that he is under restraint, while the other California editors have the advantage of being at large.

"The camel's kick," writes a naturalist, "is a study." It may be added that the mule's kick is a lesson.

A Chicago editor writes that Oscar Wilde gets two hundred dollars a night for being an ass—"while we remain poor."

Perhaps President Arthur may be in a mood to appreciate a story that is told of President Lincoln. An old friend expressed regret to see him look so worn and anxious, and bade him have courage and he would yet conquer the rebellion. Sadly and with a sigh the President answered, "It is not the rebellion, Bill; it's the Post-office at Pipestown that's troubling me."

A correspondent in Washington, writing of the hospitality of those in official life at the capital, says that Representative Flower, of New York, "is dining all Congress in platoons."

"In a few years," writes a Texan editor, "Texas will be paved with empty bottles and fruit cans." The impression has prevailed in the North that the State was already paved—with good intentions.

The only person who has practically and profitably utilized the phonograph is a South Carolina negro. He has put one of these instruments into a rude figure of a devil, contrived to have it revolved by a spring, and started out as a fortune-teller among the up-country negroes. Its tones fulfill their expectations as to those of an oracular voice, and they part with their money readily.

It was a dull period for news when the enterprising managing editor of a Western daily headed an item concerning the death of a cat, "Nine Lives Lost!"

So many persons are entitled to invitations to the state balls in Toronto that they can not all be accommodated at once, and the expedient has been adopted of inviting them in installments, alphabetically.

Not to be outdone in enterprise, a rural paper in Louisiana included in its account of the Sullivan-Ryan prize-fight a brief review of General Jackson's famous victory at New Orleans.

It has been decided by a Canada judge that "audible respiration through the nostrils in sleep involves no presumption of malice, and is an inalienable right of the pew-holder."

In the matter of the artistic grouping of the principal figures, a recent wedding in North Carolina was noteworthy. The bride and groom sat in a wagon, and the justice of the peace who officiated was astride a mule.

An Ohio lawyer has applied to the Governor for appointment to the Common Pleas bench, setting forth that although there is no vacancy, Judge Hance is down with fever, and may not recover.

A part of Washington society has a grievance against the British Minister in that the invitations to his receptions are in French.

Lords Dunraven and Dungarvan are members of the same club. When Lord Dunraven went to Canada, he left instructions that all telegrams which came to the club for him should be repeated to him in Canada by cable. One day while eating his dinner in a hunters' camp, he received a message that boxes F and G were reserved for him at the Gaiety Theatre in London for that evening. The dispatch was originally intended for Lord Dungarvan.

It is said that the Chinese Six Companies have a monopoly of the laundry business in Montana, and that when Sam Yek recently began washing and ironing on his own account, a notice was posted offering a reward of fifteen hundred dollars to any one who would kill him and his helpers. That is the heathen way of crushing out competition. The American method would have been to buy out Sam Yek's business, and then water the stock of the whole concern to the extent of double the amount paid to him.

A FINE YOUNG LONDON GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a fine new song all about a fine young spark,
Who's a fine Young London Gentleman quite up to any lark;
Who takes supper very early, and breakfasts in the dark;
Who's a real "dear old chappie," as I needn't p'r'aps remark
Of a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He'll bet in "monkeys," "ponies," though he has seldom ready cash;
If his Tailor isn't paid, yet he has rings and pins to flash;
At his fav'rite burlesque theatre he's known as "such a Mash."
When to a fifth-rate Actress he bouquets down will dash,
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

He will say that port and sherry his nice palate always cloy;
He'll nothing drink but "B. and S." and big magnums of "the Boy";
He's the darling of the Bar-maid, and the honest Waiter's joy,
As he quaffs his Pommery "extra sec," his "Giesler," or "Ivroy,"
Like a fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

But there comes a time when bar-maids and when theatres are no go,
When "the Boy" is voted nasty, and burlesques considered slow,
When ev'rything too stale is, and when life has lost its flow,
And the spirits once so high become dull, sluggish, bad, and low,
Of the fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

Then he recognizes sadly there are others come, like he,
To make merry with the "fizz," and likewise quaff the "S. and B."
He is growing old and weary, having just turned twenty-three,
Existence is so tedious, all "life" a vast *ennui*,
To the fine Young London Gentleman,
Quite of the present style.

It is often the fate of the most deserving that money for building a monument is raised only with great exertion; but it is seldom that he has to wait almost half a century for a monument after the money with which to build it has been procured. It has recently been discovered in Philadelphia that a fund of twenty thousand dollars, raised in 1835 to erect a monument to Chief Justice Marshall, was lost sight of, and has remained in a bank since that year. The monument was not built.

Another objection to the dense fogs of London is that they afford opportunity for thieves to work twenty-four hours a day under cover of darkness. An English paper advises the public to be on their guard in foggy weather.

This year's Mardi-Gras procession in New Orleans illustrated the Hindoo epic poem, the "Ramayana," believed to have been written some two thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, by Valmiki, who was both a poet and a seer. An account of the carnival says that by command of Momus the booksellers of this country and Europe searched long for a complete translation of the epic, which consists of some twenty-four thousand verses, and at length collected the six volumes from different quarters of Europe, only one of the volumes being found in England. The scenes represented were those of a war between two hostile races, divided in origin, civilization, and worship, and are said to have been more elaborate than those of any preceding Mardi-Gras display.

Washington's Birth-Day.

THE breakfast china stood in rows,
And all was smart and bright at home,
Where Patience stood in Sunday clothes,
Waiting for Jared Judd to come.

For it was Washington's Birth-day,
And Jared was to take her down
To Bristol Township for to stay,
And see the doings in the town.

So up he comes, all sprucely dressed:
A finer sight you never see
Than Jared in his Sunday best,
With light blue coat and figured vest,
And splatterdashers to the knee.

Then Jared's heart beat nation high,
As down they rode the turnpike way,
With Patience on the pillion nigh
Behind him, on the dapple gray.

The town with flags was all afloat;
They fluttered in the frosty air;
And all the men of local note
Were gathered there from every-where.

And there they see the butchers' stalls,
With "show beef" hung, and ribbons gay,
And flags tacked up against the wall,
Where sirloins stand in fat array.

The fife and drums are playing loud,
And likely girls the sidewalks hem,
And close behind the band, a crowd
Of men and boys march after them.

The drummers make a pesky noise,
The fifer fifes with might and main;
The girls laugh at the men and boys,
Then look away and laugh again.

And on the common, near at hand,
They'd brought the old town cannon out,
And built a ten-foot speeching-stand,
With flags and streamers hung about.

And there they see the train-band stout
All step about with measured tread,
While Captain Green gives orders out,
And marches boldly at their head.

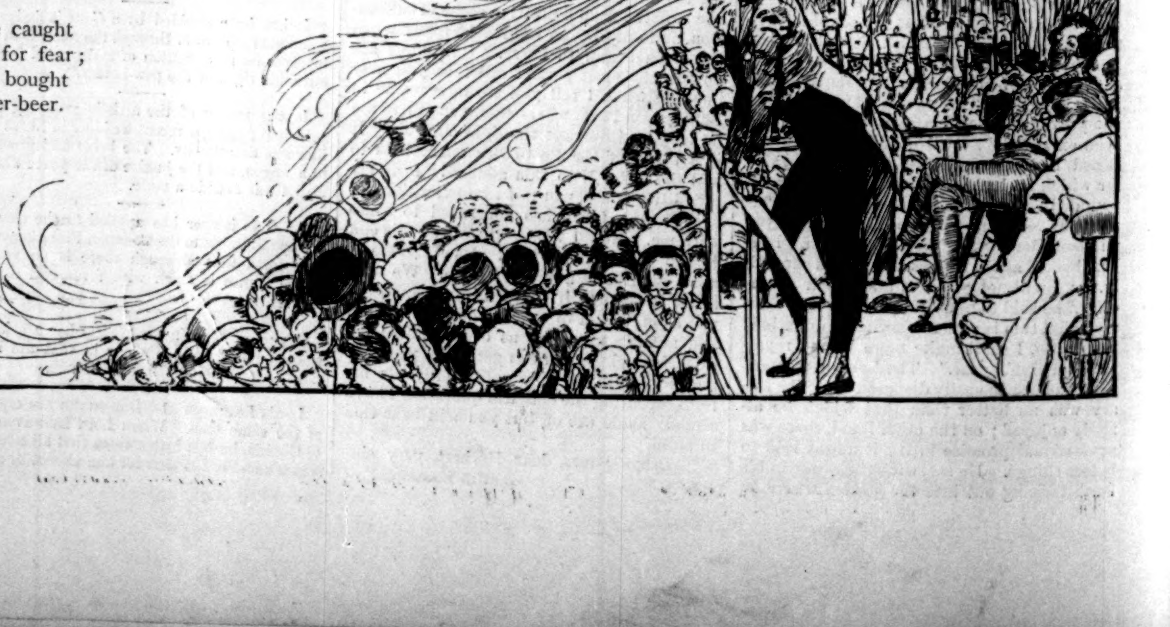
And then Judge Dean he makes a speech,
While great men sit along the stand.
Says he, "The train-band men will teach
Our foes to shun our native land."

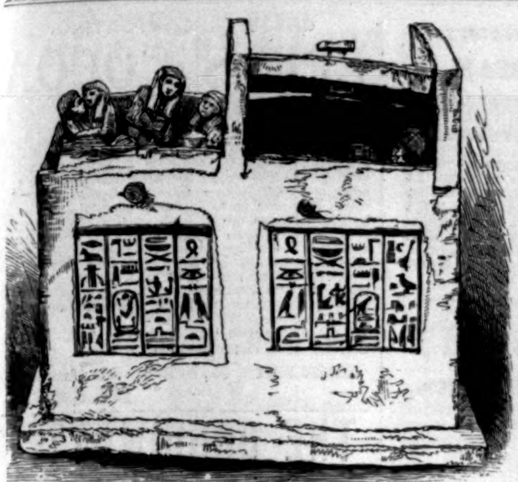
At which all cheered; and Captain Bent
He jabbed a red-hot poker to
The cannon's butt, and off it went,
Till't shook the folks all through and through.

It frightened Patience so, she caught
At Jared's arm and shook for fear;
And so he took her by, and bought
Her cooky-cakes and ginger-beer.

And so the holiday was passed;
And as the afternoon grew late,
He took her home, and said good-by,
And kissed her near the garden gate.

HOWARD PYLE.





CHESTS OF QUEEN MAKARA AND HER DAUGHTER.

RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

For the last ten years or more it had been suspected that the Theban Arabs (whose main occupation is tomb-pillage and mummy-snatching) had found a royal sepulchre. Objects of great rarity and antiquity were being brought to Europe every season by travellers who had purchased them from native dealers living on the spot, and many of these objects were historically traceable to certain royal dynasties which made Thebes their capital city. Some of the travellers were also dealers, and resold their purchases to the British Museum and the Louvre.

At length suspicion became certainty. An English tourist passing through Paris presented Professor Maspero with some photographs from a superb papyrus, which he had then lately bought at Thebes from an Arab named Abd-er-Rasoul. This papyrus proved to be the Ritual, or funereal sacred book, written for Pinotem I., third priest-king of the XXIst Dynasty. Evidently, then, the tomb of this sovereign had been discovered and pillaged. In January, 1881, the late lamented Mariette Pasha died at Cairo, and was succeeded by Professor Maspero, the present Conservator of Antiquities to his Highness the Khedive. Professor Maspero at once resolved to get to the bottom of the Theban mystery, and, with that object chiefly in view, proceeded last April to Upper Egypt upon his first official trip of inspection.

Arriving at Luxor—a modern village which occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes—he straightway arrested the said Abd-er-Rasoul. Threats, bribery, persuasion, were, however, tried in vain, and Abd-er-Rasoul was consigned to the district prison at Keneh, the chief town of the province. Here for two months he maintained an obstinate silence. In the mean while, his presence being required in Paris, Professor Maspero offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the secret, and returned to Europe. Scarcely had he embarked when one Mohammed, the elder brother of Abd-er-Rasoul, went privately before the Governor of Keneh, offered to betray the secret, and claimed the reward.

The Governor (Daoud Pasha) telegraphed immediately to Cairo, and Herr Emil Brugsch, keeper of the Boolak Museum (whom Professor Maspero had deputed to act for him in any case of emergency) was forthwith dispatched to Thebes. Here he was conducted to a lonely spot in the most desolate and unfrequented part of the great Necropolis, which extends for between three and four miles along the western bank of the Nile. Hidden behind an angle of limestone cliff, and masked by a huge fragment of fallen rock, he beheld the entrance to a perpendicular shaft descending to a depth of twelve meters. At the bottom of this shaft opened a gallery seventy-four meters in length, leading to a sepulchral vault measuring seven meters by four. In this gallery and vault were found some thirty-six mummies, including more than twenty kings and queens, besides princes, princesses, and high-priests, to say nothing of an immense store of sacred vessels, funereal statuettes, alabaster vases, and precious objects in glass, bronze, acacia-wood, etc. In a word, the treasure thus strangely brought to light consisted of some six thousand items, not the least valuable of which were four royal papyri. Professor Maspero, in his official report, warmly eulogizes the energy with which Herr Emil Brugsch, by the aid of five hundred native laborers, exhumed, packed, shipped, and brought to Cairo the whole contents of this now famous hiding-place.

The following, abridged from Professor Maspero's various reports, is a list of the principal royal mummies and mummy cases, chronologically tabulated and classed under the heads of their various dynasties. In some instances the mummy reposes in its original mummy case, and sometimes in two or three mummy cases, the whole inclosed in an enormous outer sarcophagus. In others only the mummy case is left, the mummy having been destroyed or abstracted. Further, some mummies are found in mummy cases not their own, or in mummy cases which have been altered and usurped for their use in ancient times. The presence of a mummy case, even though empty, is held, however, to indicate the former presence of its original occupant, whose name therefore appears in its proper place in the list:

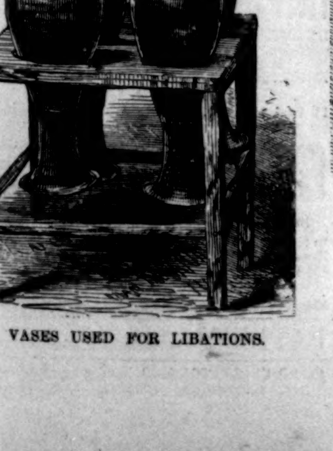
XVIIth Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1750 to B.C. 1703.—King Rasekenen-Taaken, Queen Ansera.

XVIIIth Dynasty.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1703 to B.C. 1462.—King Ahmes Ra-neb-pehti, Queen Ahmes Nofretari, Queen Aah-hotep, Queen Merit-Amen, Queen Honti-moo-hoo, Prince Se Amen, Princess Set-Amen, King Amen-hotep I., King Thothmes I.,* King Thothmes II., King Thothmes III., Queen Sitka.

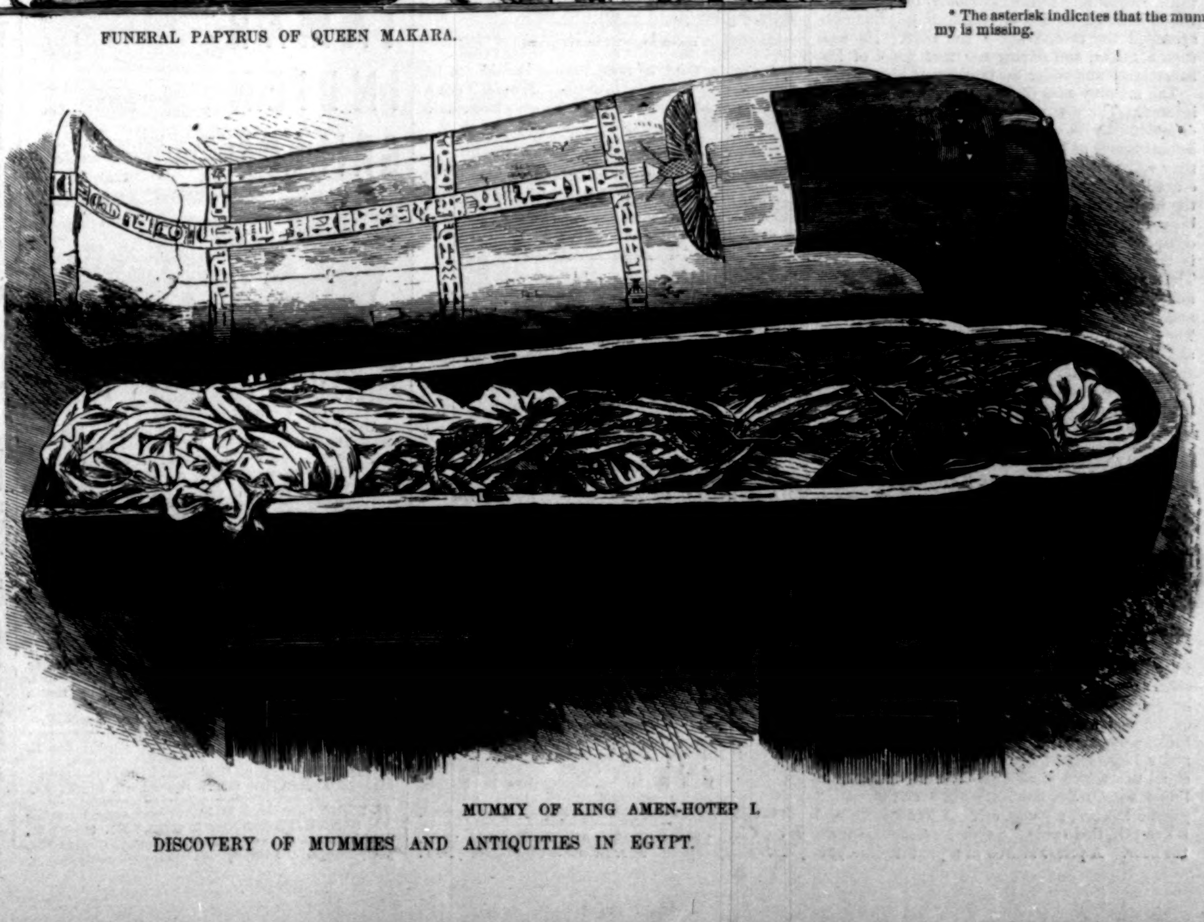
* The asterisk indicates that the mummy is missing.

CHEST OF PAPYRUS, WITH WIG OF PRINCESS.

FUNERAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA.



VASES USED FOR LIBATIONS.



MUMMY OF KING AMEN-HOTEP I.

DISCOVERY OF MUMMIES AND ANTIQUITIES IN EGYPT.

XIXTH DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1462 to B.C. 1288.—King RAMESES I.,* King SETI I., King RAMESES II.

XXTH DYNASTY.—Not represented.

XXIST DYNASTY.—(Approximate Date) B.C. 1110 to B.C. (?).—Queen NOTEM-MAUT, King and High-Priest PINOTEM I., King PINOTEM II., Prince and High-Priest MASAHIRTI, Queen HATHOR HONT-TAUI, Queen MAKARA, Queen ISI-EM-KHEB, Princess NASI KHONSU, Prince TAT-F-ANKH, NEBSENI (a priest), NOI-SHOUNAP (a priest).

There can be no doubt that the vault in which these various mummies and funereal treasures were found was the family sepulchre of the Priest-Kings of the XXIst Dynasty. This dynasty was founded by HER-HOR, High-Priest of Amen, of the Great Temple of Amen at Thebes, who, toward the close of the XXth Dynasty, at a time the throne of the last of the RAMESSIDES was tottering to its foundations, either inherited the crown by right of descent or seized it by force. According to some authorities, Queen NOTEM-MAUT was a princess of the RAMESES blood, and mother of HER-HOR; according to others, she was his wife. In any case, her name is always surrounded by the oval, or cartouche, which is the emblem of royalty; whereas it was not till he had reigned more than five years that HER-HOR ventured to assume this distinction.

The close of the second Ramesside, or XXth Dynasty, was an epoch of great internal trouble and disorder. During the reigns of the last four or five *rois fainéants* of that line there had been little security for life and property in Thebes, and organized bands of robbers committed constant depredations in the more retired quarters of the Necropolis, attacking chiefly the tombs of great personages, and venturing even to break open the sepulchres of the royal dead. Hence it became the duty of the reigning monarch to take every precaution to insure the mummies of his predecessors against profanation and pillage.

We accordingly find that HER-HOR caused the sepulchres of his predecessors to be periodically visited by a service of regularly appointed Inspectors of Tombs, whose duty it was to report upon the condition of the royal mummies, to repair their wrappings and mummy cases when requisite, and, if necessary, to remove them from their own sepulchres into any others which might be deemed more secure. Several of these visits are recorded in the handwriting of the inspectors themselves upon the mummy cases and bandages of five of the Pharaohs enumerated upon our list.

It had not only become necessary during the reign of HER-HOR to take these precautions, and in some instances to remove the royal mummies from their own sepulchres, but it is evident that similar precautions were indispensable to the safety of the Priest-Kings themselves after death. In selecting, therefore, so obscure a spot as that lately discovered, and in so ingeniously masking the entrance to their vault, the descendants of HER-HOR were wisely providing for the repose of their own mortal remains. Not till near the end of the XXIst Dynasty, however, did they at last remove the mummies of their famous predecessors into the shelter of their own tomb. Professor MASPERO believes this final measure to have been taken during the reign of King MENKHEPERRA, the last sovereign but one of the HER-HOR line. MENKHEPERRA himself is not among those found in the vault, neither is his son and successor, PINOTEM III. Having piously deposited all these revered and deified Pharaohs and other royal personages in the last home of his own immediate ancestors, MENKHEPERRA evidently closed the vault forever, and was himself content to be buried elsewhere.

AMEN-HOTEP I. (XVIIITH DYNASTY).—SER-KA-RA AMEN-HOTEP, second Pharaoh of the XVIIIth Dynasty, was a son of AHMES I. and Queen NOFRETARI. According to the chronology of MARIETTE, which is based on that of MANETHO, this Pharaoh ascended the throne about B.C. 1678. He was then a minor, and during the first years of his sovereignty was under the tutelage of his mother.

The mummy case of this Pharoah is quite uninjured. The ground color of the case is white, ornamented with one vertical band and three horizontal bands of hieroglyphs containing the ordinary religious invocation in the name of the deceased. The head of the effigy is painted yellow, the head-dress black, and the royal asp upon the brow in various brilliant tints. A vulture with outspread wings, emblematic of the goddess Maut, is traced in ink upon the breast of the figure. The mummy wears a mask and head-dress of wood and stiffened linen exactly resembling the face and head-dress of the effigy on the mummy case. The eyes of this mask are of enamelled porcelain, and the face is evidently a portrait.

FUNEREAL PAPYRUS OF QUEEN MAKARA (XXIST DYNASTY).—One of the most important of all documents, in the eyes of an ancient Egyptian, was the "Ritual," or "Book of the Dead"; and a copy of this sacred book (or, at all events, a few of the principal chapters) was invariably buried with the mummy of every person of position and means. The work consists of 165 chapters, and these chapters contain a series of prayers and invocations to be recited by the deceased person when passing through the dangers and temptations which beset the soul during the 3000 years of probation which were supposed to elapse between the interment of the mummy and its final resurrection in the flesh. Our illustration reproduces one of the last pages of the funereal papyrus of Queen MAKARA, wife of PINOTEM II. She is here seen, as in life, seated in a chair, crowned with a head-dress in design like a vulture, emblematic of the goddess Maut, with the royal asp on her brow, a necklace and pendant round her neck, and a large lotus bud in her hand. Before her stand two tables piled with funereal offerings of bread, wine, milk, flowers, corn, a calf's head, a gazelle haunch, a goose, etc. A live gazelle and a live calf, tied ready for slaughter, are laid upon the floor. A priest attired in a panther-skin garment, assisted by an inferior priest or acolyte, pours a libation of water in honor of the deceased.

LIBATION VASES AND COFFER.—The four graceful vases shown in our illustration are of bronze, and were found in the wooden stand represented. They are of a shape much in vogue at this period, and they belonged to Queen ISI-EM-KHEB, wife of King MENKHEPERRA, and daughter of MENKHEPERRA's elder brother, Prince and High-Priest MASAHIRTI. It was not unusual for Egyptian princesses to wed with their uncles, or even with their brothers. Funereal libations were made in wine, milk, beer, and water; and these four vases may have been intended to hold all four liquids. The little coffer adjoining contains a number of the small funereal statuettes called *shabti*, or "respondents." They are fashioned in the form of mummies, and made of glazed porcelain. Their hands are crossed upon their breasts, and hold agricultural implements—*i. e.*, a hoe, a sickle, and a bag for seed. According to the CXth Chapter of the "Ritual," the deceased has to hoe, sow, and reap in the celestial fields; and this chapter is generally written and burned in upon the backs of these figures, which are supposed to "answer" for the mummy, and in a sense to represent him, and work for him.

A WIG AND WIG-BOX.—In accordance with a custom which had prevailed in Egypt (with certain differences of detail) for a period of time not far short of four thousand years, a considerable number of miscellaneous articles were deposited in the tomb. These articles, besides the libation vases, consisted of a funereal papyrus, a collection of toilet vases and ointment pots in alabaster, some very beautiful goblets in colored glass, a funereal canopy in cut leather, a kind of hamper made of rushes, and sealed with the seal of King MENKHEPERRA, a set of so-called "Canopic" vases containing the viscera of the deceased, several smaller hampers of rush-work, a box of *shabti*, or funereal statuettes, a mummied gazelle, etc. Several hampers were found which belonged to the funereal equipment of Queen ISI-EM-KHEB. The large hamper, on being opened, proved to contain the funereal repast of Queen ISI-EM-KHEB. This repast consisted of geese, legs of mutton and gazelle, calves' heads, etc., all mummified and bandaged. The smaller hampers contained each an enormous wig, highly frizzed and curled, such as was worn by Egyptian ladies of rank on state occasions. All these articles of food and adornment were supposed to be for the refreshment of the deceased in that supreme hour of resurrection when the soul should return after its long journey of trial and suffering, and once more animate the mummied body. Then should the mummy arise as from sleep, cast off its funereal bandages, eat, drink, and be refreshed, and so go forth, anointed and perfumed and rejoicing, into the everlasting presence of Osiris.

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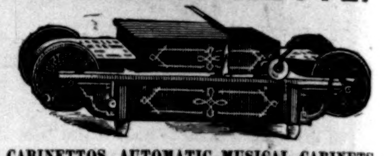

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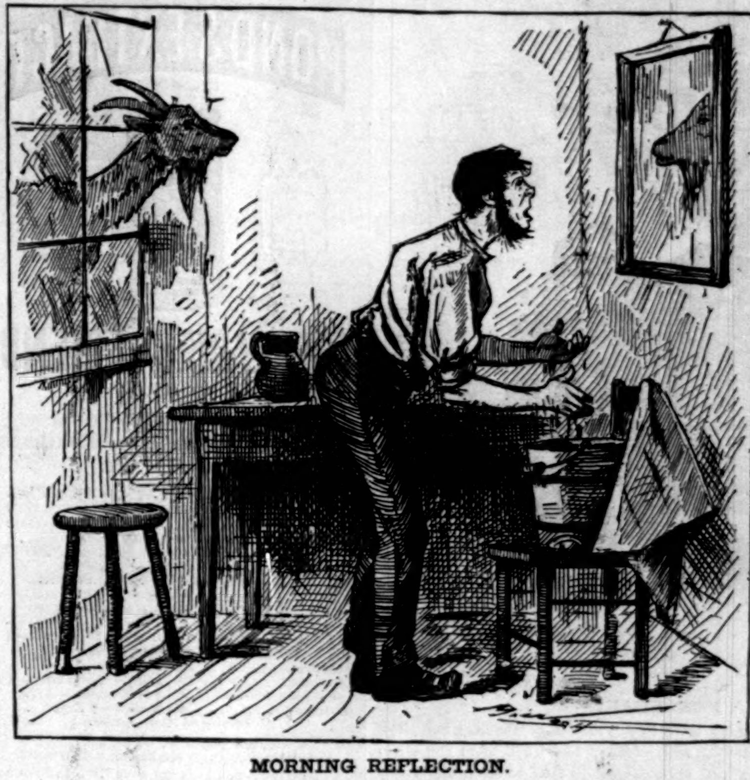

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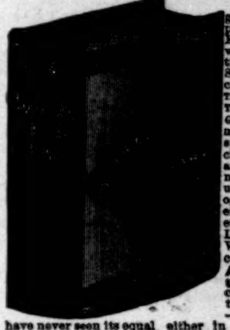

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